WEEK ENDING DEC. 20 1924

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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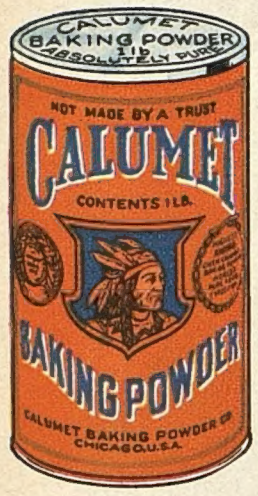
In this Issue

The GREAT UNOPEN SPACES

By RICHARD CONNELL

The *First Real Christmas*



A Delightful Delay

It's worth being late for—a cake like this. What a gift for the appetite! What real zest it adds to the Yule-tide meal! Back in 1889 many housewives used

CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

when they baked their Christmas cakes. Today their daughters are using the same dependable leavener—so are millions of other women. And the reasons are apparent—economy—unfailing results—the two big causes for Calumet being called the preferred leavener of the nation.

Use it when you bake the Christmas cake and continue using it throughout the coming year because for light, perfectly baked and always nutritious foods it has no rival. Every ingredient used is officially approved by the U. S. Food Authorities.

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"A crowd of Liberty boy salesmen" from Madison News Agency Madison, Wisconsin.

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in spare time—without leaving your neighborhood

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5c **Liberty**
A Weekly for Everybody
Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill.

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Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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Address .....

City .....

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DEC. 20, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

AMERICAN MONEY.

Henry Ford has a large accumulation of capital. It is one of the largest in the world. John D. Rockefeller has a larger one.

Rockefeller made his money when kerosene lamps were invented to succeed candles. Ford made his money when oil, more highly refined, went into internal combustion engines.

The fortunes which are in this form today were unknown in that form eighty years ago. There were fortunes then, but they were in something else.

Capital in this country at various times has been in the growing of tobacco, in furs, in land, in Negroes, in rum, or in fish. There was a privileged class of colonial tobacco growers in the South. There was a privileged class of colonial ship owners in the North. Now for an American to own an American ship is a good way of going broke.

Invention is constantly changing habit, necessities, ways of living, and of production and distribution. It changes demand and shifts capital.

There was a period of railroad capitalism, dominant in the politics and government of the country. The Goulds are gone. Harriman and Hill are gone.

Coal production has a concentration of capital which super water power may liquidate. The coming great consolidation of capital may be in the group which really puts transportation in the air. Legislation tried to break up the Standard Oil combination of capital. An invention which took power out of the air would really break it up. It is not the nature of capital to gather into torpid pools or to be stagnant in the moat of a feudal castle.

It is responsive to mistakes on the part of its possessors and controllers. The packers were chased up the alley by the government one year and by the sheriff the next. La Follette worried the railroads, but what worries them more are wider concrete highways and larger gasoline trucks.

The human necessities and inventions are much quicker than laws.

When George M. Pullman perfected the Pullman car he and the money he had invested in this enterprise were as popular as Henry Ford and his money now are. Later he became unpopular, as Henry Ford may become. When enterprise becomes unpopular for one reason or another, politics, which may have flattered it, tries to destroy, regulate, or change it. But politics is not nimble witted enough. Invention and change in life and in forms of capital investment are plastic and not stagnant. Politics tries to control what it regards as a pool and finds that it is dealing with running water.

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Cover Design by W. B. King

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Girl Who Married for Money

DANA BURNET
© Paul Thompson

WHAT'S to be done when love, cast aside, still hovers insistently near? *Dana Burnet,* in a vivid romance, tells how one young wife faced the problem—and solved it. It's a dramatic tale, significantly entitled *Wings,* and it carries, toward the end, a thrill you'll not be expecting.

And there's more about love in *Rosie,* by *Clifford Raymond*—the lively story of a stenographer and the erratic way of her heart.

Wives say good-by to their husbands when they take up golf, and usually it is a last, fond farewell. But *Percy Hammond,* the famous dramatic critic, has a message of hope to deliver. If you doubt that the dyed-in-the-wool golfer can ever lay aside his clubs and become normal again, read the delightfully humorous article called *Why I Gave Up Golf.*

One of the perplexities of being a business person gets some illuminating attention in *Going Over the Boss' Head,* by *Walter Davenport.*

And then, of course, there will be another installment of *Mary Allen Hulbert's* fascinating series, *The Woodrow Wilson I Knew.*

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Woodrow Wilson I Knew

By MARY ALLEN HULBERT

THE True Story of the Mysterious "Mrs. Peck's" Long Friendship with the War President, for Years the Target of Innuendoes and Malicious Gossip, as Written by Herself to Silence the Whispering of Tongues

Mary Allen Hulbert as she looked when she first met Woodrow Wilson in Bermuda.

RECENTLY Liberty published two articles on Woodrow Wilson. They were written by William Allen White, the Kansas publicist, author, and editor. In them Mr. White wrote of the influence which three women had had upon the life of Mr. Wilson. One was the first Mrs. Wilson. Another was the widow who survives him. The third was Mary Allen Peck.

The author of the series of articles of which the accompanying one is the first — Mary Allen Hulbert — was Mary Allen Peck. During and even prior to Woodrow Wilson's presidency there were whisperings of Mrs. Peck; of her acquaintance with Woodrow Wilson; her personality; her history. Gradually the cruel game of subterranean politics heaped upon this woman innuendoes which left her numbed, hideously frightened, and almost in mental ruin.

Yet she has survived it by reason of that saving sense of humor and that mental strength which was her attraction for Mr. Wilson. But she survived it in silence until "Mrs. Peck" came to stand for almost a myth. Indeed, there were and are those who, because this woman's voice was never heard, were willing to contend there was no such person.

The first mention of her in a story appearing in public print was made by Mr. White in his articles in Liberty. And now she has come to write her own story. As the wife of a Pittsfield (Massachusetts) manufacturer, she was socially prominent and sought after. Vivacious, gracious, cultured, witty, she was attractive to many other men than Woodrow Wilson. Today, sixty-two years old but still possessed of all the charm that caught the minds of men in other days, she is quietly living with her son (by her first marriage) in New York City.

But to add more to this foreword would be to infringe upon her own story — the story of Mary Peck.

IT IS not blithely that I begin by saying that it was in February, 1907, that I met Woodrow Wilson for the first time; yet no pangs not easily borne attend the memory.

The friendship which had its inception that evening at a dinner in the house of a mutual friend in Bermuda is the most sacred portion of my memory.

Woodrow Wilson went to his death unflinchingly, holding aloft his banner of great humanity.

I, who was honored by his friendship, who gloried and still glory in it, who was permitted to glimpse the clear, fine nobility of his mind, have paid a peculiar penalty which, if you please, was not wholly above those who were and are quickest to defend his name against the most far-fetched innuendo. What curious paradoxes do our prejudices bear!

And yet I am too proud to fight.

Fight? Against what, pray? Against scandalous whispers which, so fine were that man's ears, he could not distinguish or, having distin-

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guished, understand? No. I also am one of those thousands—perhaps millions—who today feel humble at the mention of his name, and ours is a growing army.

I did not fight when the Department of Justice sent men and women to—— but I am not at all sure what they had in mind to do. Confiscate his letters to me, for one thing. Link me with the kaiser's system of espionage for another.

And I am not sure that my reactions were other than profound sorrow when, one day in 1916, a gentleman somewhat reluctantly describing himself as "the representative of the Republican party" offered me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—three hundred thousand—to enlist in a precious enterprise which had as its objective the impeachment of the President of the United States. Three hundred thousand? Pouf! Money, said he, was not an object. And, if you please, he told me that my patriotism should convince me that to accept was but lifting my voice in defense of my country.

Sorry for that man? Possibly. But unspeakably sorry for the noble spirit who was to mean so much to the world—the man they were so eager to ruin. And I find it almost amusing now to think that I could make no more vehement refusal of the remarkable offer than to say:

"I am sorry; I am not that sort of a woman."

FURTHER, one may not fight wraiths. As I look back over the years from 1907 to 1924, there seems to have been a considerable group of mythical characters bearing the name of Mary Allen Peck. Therefore let me say here that Mary Allen Peck ceased to be in 1912, when the courts gave her the legal right to resume her former name, Mary Allen Hulbert.

As this strange, distorted line of wraiths files past my mental eyes, there comes to me a Rip Van Winklish feeling—if I be I, any little dog will know me, but among these specters I do not see her to whom Woodrow Wilson gave his friendship.

Behold! In that line there is the scheming adventuress from whose wiles that good man had no chance to escape. How he would have laughed, after his first anger had passed, had he heard this, as I did, with my own ears.

There was the one who lived in Washington, drawing a huge salary in a government position created for her that she might be near him.

And there was the one who was bought off with huge sums of gold. Everything was in superlatives, I'd have you know.

There was "that awful creature, Mrs. Peck," who was hustled, no less, out of Washington on the eve of his marriage to Mrs. Galt, lest she make trouble.

And, last, the one the faithful Colonel House took to Europe to get safely out of the way.

A motley group, and tragic, in that the people who had honored the man with the greatest office within their gift for a moment could have thought that he was the manner of man who could have such a hideously composite group created for him out of mud, slime, and the black fog of evil thought.

There was no man-woven design in our meeting. The commonest of coincidences attended it. But whereas he, of course, had neither heard nor dreamed of Mary Allen Peck prior to that idyllic Bermuda evening, I had silently appraised his mentality for as long before as the preceding summer.

I was at home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, not in the merriest of moods. What with this and that which can have no proper setting in this narrative, I was in mental and spiritual distress. I was armoring myself with literature, seeking strength in the old philosophers and sustenance in the newer. Weary of that, current fiction and magazines of opinion gave me recreation.

I can see now the rather enormous array of books and periodicals which disordered my rooms, and it is very clear how I picked up at random a copy of *World's Work*. I came upon a sympathetic article on Woodrow Wilson, the then new president of Princeton University, and from those pages something of his personality began to emerge. I thought idly that I'd like to know that man Wilson.

A negro cook once replied to my question as to whether she knew a certain plumber by saying:

"No, ma'am, I don't know him. I knows his name, but I never met his personality."

Well, it seemed destined that I should meet Woodrow Wilson's "personality" in the following winter. As I have said, it was at dinner in the house of a mutual friend, and in spite of the fact that I knew he was to be the guest of honor, and for all my desire of the summer to know this new president of Princeton, I was, without design, the last of the guests to arrive.

I had been at a tea which had been too amusing to abandon easily, and I had only time to slip into a dinner gown and respond to the family jeer, "Come, Never-ready," and be rushed by the two youths of our household down the long, cedar-lined drive, through the gates, across the moonlit road and up the hill, fragrant with Freesias, to the dinner party.

Fairly flung through the door, laughing and breathless, I saw a tallish figure unlimber itself from a low chair at the end of the long, half-lighted room. He came toward me with that little, friendly, understanding smile that was the first thing I met in Woodrow Wilson's personality.

In due course of this series I shall set down in greater detail—at least in such detail as my memory supplies—those incidents and conversations which best tell the story. But let me be fair. You cannot hope for all that gossip suggests; it was not my gossip, you know. Perhaps you may prepare for dull moments—who may say? They were not dull for me, but I, poor soul, may be a lamentably poor judge of what will be sprightly in your ear and to your eye.

DO you know that, in all the years I knew Woodrow Wilson, the time we spent together, if consolidated, would surely not exceed ninety days? And in these ninety days I include ten which I spent in the White House with the Wilson family at the invitation—would you believe it?—of the adorable woman who was his first wife, Ellen Axson Wilson.

Such time would include, too, days I spent with the Wilsons in Princeton and days the Wilsons spent with me in my home in Pittsfield.

And there would be those hours which represented flying visits made by Ellen Axson Wilson and her husband to the home of my mother and me in East Twenty-seventh Street, New York City. In this place there was a wondrous view of the Metropolitan Tower, which, clothed in its night raiment of light, gave joy to the soul of Mrs. Wilson, who would sit in the window watching and rhapsodizing.

Tush! Enough of that feeble porridge! What they want is the meat on which this, our gossip, is fed. This dreadful creature, Mrs. Peck, cannot put us, the friends of Woodrow Wilson, off with that bosh. We know. We know.

But alas, I must proceed with my foundations of my narrative. I must, forsooth, assure you that of those relatively few days I was in Woodrow Wilson's presence, there were some spent at Sea Girt, which they chose to call the summer capital of New Jersey. And some in Trenton. Some on the beach in Bermuda. And one—ah, but an hour of one—in Los Angeles, where I beheld him for the last time.

William Allen White writes in *Liberty* that "in Los Angeles he (Woodrow Wilson) found a note from Mary Hulbert. He and Mrs. Wilson went to see her."

Mr. White will be the first to acknowledge his error. It was in response to a note delivered to me in Los Angeles, where I was then living, that I went to the Alexandria Hotel, where Mr. and Mrs. Wilson received me. And there is so little to tell of it. He had fared forth among his countrymen with his cry in the wilderness only to have it lose itself in uncomprehending ears.

Two days after my call at the Alexandria, while he was returning to the East, he collapsed. Yet on that day he seemed to my eyes a man in good health. So much so, in fact, that I said:

"You look so well."

"Oddly enough," he replied, with that same friendly smile I had met in Bermuda, "I do not feel well. I feel as if all those things which I have succeeded hitherto in escaping have fallen upon me."

No, for the most part, my relations with

WOODROW WILSON'S
Simple and Humble Faith

MRS. HULBERT'S memoirs reveal a phase of Wilson's character which is beautiful and inspiring in its simplicity.

"Woodrow Wilson never flinched in the face of his convictions," she says. "What he believed, he believed. He usually attended church on the island (Bermuda) every Sunday, and I recall one day when he asked me why I never went to church. I held forth at some length on the subject of hypocrites and hypocrisy which, I added, I found seemingly safe within the fold.

"'Yes, yes, I know,' was his gentle reply. 'I, too, feel that way sometimes about the people; but I go to testify.'

"Is not that beautiful? It was so simply said, and humble, that it taught me more than volumes of sermons could."

Woodrow Wilson and Mary Allen Hulbert on the porch of the latter's home in Bermuda in the winter of 1908.

Woodrow Wilson were wider in our letters. Those letters, you must know, may not be published by me because the law has it that they are not mine to publish. I may continue to hold them and read and reread them, but I may not, without the permission of the executors of his estate, spread them before you.

The only defense of his fair name I could think of was to publish them, give them to the world, that the great hungry public might see how little there was in them to cause the loose lip to drool and the psychopathic mind to inflame.

And would that ingratiating gentleman of

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1916 offer staggering wealth for them now?

Perhaps not.

Woodrow Wilson is dead; he will not be impeached in the court wherein God presides.

BUT these are weak, piping times of peace. Gone are the days when the charming young woman came to me all aflutter and terribly solicitous for my future. She let it be known that her fiancé was an operative in the Department of Justice and, such being the case, she was, oh, so eager to be my friend!

"I have come to tell you," she said in guarded tones, "that the Department of Justice is after you."

"Why?" I asked.

"It is said that you have been showing letters and photographs of the President."

"Hardly that. I have, however, shown this letter to a number of publishers who, unhappily, however, fail to view it with the enthusiasm I yearn for."

And I handed her the letter.

Please let me explain the doleful circumstance. I was without funds and, although I had been thus lamentably situated for some time, I had not acquired a disregard for the condition. Moreover, my son had lost that vigorous health which had been his, and was unable to engage in hard or prolonged labor.

It was my delusion that I might compile and have published a book of food recipes, and I had written of my inspiration to Mr. Wilson and he had replied. Too bad I may not reproduce here that painless little epistle. But he seemed to rejoice in my ambition. He included praises of my ability with the skillet and saucepan. Good gracious! He was almost as enthusiastic as was Serjeant Buzfuz when addressing the court about Mrs. Bardell's chops and tomato sauce, so largely devoured by Mr. Pickwick.

"That is the letter I have been showing," I told the young woman.

"Bah!" she cried in great disgust. "Just something dashed off by a stenographer."

"Precisely," I agreed. "And now please be honest with me. Just whom or what do you represent?"

"The Department of Justice," she said.

How absurd it all was—and how pathetic! One by one, few by few, group by group, my erstwhile friends had deserted me. Guilty or innocent, I was that dreadful Peck woman, and those who cared for their own social standing could not afford to remain.

A few did, to be sure, but, dear, loyal souls, they, too, will raise their eyes to Heaven as I pass, now that I have set my story on paper.

"Mary Hulbert," said one who, I know, is too fine to leave me in any event, "Mary Hulbert, if you write these articles you will lose what shred of reputation you have left."

But how I roam! I had in mind to tell the story chronologically, and see what I have done! But I make amends, and, at the risk of grievously disappointing, I make a fresh start to tell what I said to Woodrow Wilson and what Woodrow Wilson said to me on the first night of our meeting.

It was in Bermuda, you know, and the stupid truth is, for the most part, that that first conversation was rather general and had to do with such matters as lilies, and onions, and potatoes, and the grasping, cruel commission merchants handling these things in New York. Of tennis in Happy Valley. Of yacht races. Of the new regiment just out from some end of the earth.

One was prepared to find Woodrow Wilson interesting and believe him clever and learned, but it was not these things that charmed. It was his readiness to be pleased with and interested in what others had to say, and the fun of playing with him at the perfect game of light-hearted talk, of which we had learned the secret.

Of course, one manages to conceal for a part of the time at least that one has no other line of talk.

I do recall that he and I fell to the subject of freedom as the thing most to be desired. Upon my rather flippant objection to his illustration of the perfect freedom of a piston moving in its ordered groove as sounding too much like a rut to be appealing, he offered a more alluring picture, saying:

"Very well, then, a ship, sails set, moving proudly over the surface of the water, yet obeying each least touch upon the rudder."

"Ah, but that means two," I replied. "I want to be the whole free independent thing—ship, sails, rudder, and guiding hand."

I rather enjoyed expounding my views with great freedom and at length, and he chose to let it amuse him. Apropos such fulminations from me he said on one occasion:

"Yes, yes; I know what you mean. But it isn't in the least what you say."

I saw Woodrow Wilson but once again that first winter. After that dinner friends drove him from Paget to Hamilton, where he was stopping, and I rode with him, being dropped at my own house on the return from Paget.

Before he and I had said good-night I asked him to come for tea on Sunday. He declined, explaining that he would then be at sea, en route for New York. Then we arranged that he should take dinner with my mother and me on the following night.

We were living at Inwood, Paget East, our home for several happy winters. It is an enchanting old place, set in ample grounds and retaining the quaint charm of the early days of the island. Its walls of coral were thick; its mantel, beams, doors, and windows of the cedars of Bermuda, toned by age to a golden brown, a delight to the eye and satin smooth to the touch.

In the drawing room, old Dutch tiles lined the chimney, over which hung the portrait of a young man in the Seventeenth Century ruffles and gay brocaded coat. On either side of the fireplace the powder rooms, fanlights over the half doors. It was delightful to entertain there; to set the stage and assemble the players and be alone in the quiet moments just before the guests arrived.

WOODROW WILSON arrived before the hour for dinner, and I came down to find him sitting in the soft light of the fire and candles. The greeting over, I noticed he still wore his white silk scarf about his neck and over his shirt front.

Now, one hesitates just a breath before telling so distinguished a gentleman at one's second meeting that he is forgetful; but I summoned courage enough to say:

"If Mrs. Wilson were here, she would tell you it was time to take off your muffler."

A day or two later he left Bermuda, and thus, you see, our first meetings were without events which make literature.

Thus I may hurry on to the autumn of 1908, when, after some correspondence between Mrs. Wilson and myself, it was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson should visit us at Pittsfield. Quite naturally both Woodrow Wilson and I were eager to bring about a meeting of our respective family circles, and we effected it in October.

The weather was truly of the Berkshires in autumn, and Mrs. Wilson found on every hand pictures she yearned to paint.

Miss Anna L. Dawes, whose keen mind made her an able president of our Wednesday Morning Club, felt Mr. Wilson's visit an opportunity not be lost, and urged me to invite him to speak at our next club meeting. I did urge him, and Mrs. Wilson supported me.

"I so seldom have an opportunity to hear Woodrow speak," she said, "that I am delighted to have this one."

The Wednesday Morning Club's lecturer is held securely in the custody of the organization's officials on the morning of the speaking—which is never, by any chance, Wednesday—and is driven in state to the Athenæum and freed only after delivering the promised phrases.

Mrs. Wilson and I sat side by side. Beautiful soul! The woman was born to be loved, and I was one of the host to love her.

There she sat—Ellen Axson Wilson—gazing at her husband through tear-flooded eyes. She clasped my hand.

"Isn't he wonderful," she said.

Wonderful? Of course, he was. The man was superb. Dear Ellen Wilson. She was one of the few whose beauty is enhanced by tears. Her lovely eyes grew mistily lovelier; the beautiful eyelids never reddened.

After that lecture one of the ladies said to me:

"Of course, Mary, you know that I don't agree with one word he said, but I could listen to him with joy all day if he just said, 'Johnny, get your gun.' Oh! My husband says that he's an egoist and a demagogue and a politician, but, oh!"

One night we were dining with the Walter Cobbs and at the last moment Mrs. Wilson had to confess herself too ill to go out again. We had had a very full day. So my mother took Mrs. Wilson's place at dinner. The Cobbs had, as house guests, a number of extremely charming people, mutual friends, widely traveled, cultured, delightful.

As we were having coffee in the drawing room, before the men came in, the gramophone was started. Some sort of Spanish dance. One of the women, who had spent much time in Spain, said:

"That makes me think of the cigarette makers' dance."

And, after much urging from us, she proceeded to illustrate, with one of us as a partner, the rather vulgar movements of the dance.

Just at that moment Doctor Wilson appeared in the wide door. As he looked there came over his face an expression of high scorn and disgust. Quickly turning, he went into another room—the sun room, with its flowers and vines and birds. Later someone put on the How Firm a Foundation record, and this time he appeared with that wonderful, uplifted, spiritual expression that has caught and held so many of us.

AGAIN I saw Woodrow Wilson in the winter of 1908 in Bermuda. My mother and I had stopped at The Tower, a shop peculiarly fascinating to the American, where one makes one's first, last, and intermediate purchases of necessary and unnecessary things on the island. As we entered, there, standing at a counter, was Doctor Wilson leaning heavily upon a cane.

He explained, saying he had tried the anatomically impossible during the rough voyage down and a sprained knee was the result. He had already driven over to Inwood only to find

The living room at Inwood, Paget East, Bermuda, where Mrs. Peck entertained Woodrow Wilson in February, 1907. It was the second meeting of these two. Inwood, a fine old Bermuda residence, had been the winter home of Mrs. Peck and her mother for several years.

that we no longer lived in that dear place.

With the cordiality of friends in exile, mother and I begged him to come frequently to the home we were then occupying—Shoreby—and be free to lie in the hammock, take tea, and really rest.

This he occasionally did until his knee was well enough to support him in the long walks we took and loved. Too, we occasionally met in the mildly amusing social life of the islands. He did not dance, but preferred to be one of the gallery on the wide porch giving a view of the ballroom of the Hamilton.

Our favorite walk was on the south shore—over the tribal road which runs straight from the landlocked harbor to the open sea. A lovely walk. We talked of a number of things; the wonderful understanding of his mind made for perfect comradeship. One could say foolish things—things one thought clever—knowing that there would be no unkindly criticism.

With us on these rambles went two sources of delight and inspiration, the Oxford book of verse and my own dear little dog, Paget.

Doctor Wilson was not awfully keen about poor Paget—never unkind, but cool to his advances. He had no realization of Paget's consciousness of himself as, perhaps, a Great Dane or an English bull of ferocious nature. Nothing ever daunted Paget or was too large for him to attack.

Paget was, however, the perfect little gentleman, though born at the corner grocery. My son bought him there for five shillings because he looked so amusingly like those curly toy dogs mounted upon wooden platforms. Gracious! I loved him and shall never cease to miss him. But, alas, there were those who spoke of him as "that damned dog." Doctor Wilson, I found, was not a lover of dogs.

WOODROW WILSON never flinched in the face of his convictions. What he believed, he believed. There could be no satisfactory (to him) alternative. He usually attended church on the island every Sunday, and I recall one day, rather early in our acquaintance, when he asked me why I never went to church. I held forth at some length on the subject of hypocrites and hypocrisy which, I added, I found seemingly safe within the fold.

"Yes, yes, I know," was his gentle reply. "I, too, feel that way sometimes about the people; but I go to testify."

Is not that beautiful? It was so simply said, and humble, that it taught me more than volumes of sermons could.

On one of those Sunday mornings while we were returning from a walk on the south shore, a shower came up, and we took shelter under a tree. The service in the little Presbyterian church was just over and the congregation was pouring out past our place of refuge.

Doctor Wilson was recognized and was kept busy doffing his cap. Presently he burst out with this:

"This is terrible! Last week, dressed in solemn black, I stood up before that congregation and admonished them about their Christian duty. And here I am today, in worldly tweed cap and knickerbockers, standing just like an undergrad under a tree with a pretty girl."

The half-rueful, half-quizzical expression gave way frequently to ceremonial courtesy, as he would greet another and still another acquaintance, until I laughed outright. It was too delicious. And then he burst into laughing.

"Worse, distinctly worse," he chuckled. "Caught laughing with the pretty girl on the holy Sabbath day. Here goes my last shred of reputation."

But this was not the end. He was stopping with us for luncheon and other friends were expected. We were wet to the skin, so the young men of the household—my son and his friend, a young tutor—rushed to Doctor Wilson's rescue, giving him of their wardrobes while his own clothes were drying. But oh, they were at the period of youthful dressing wherein brilliant scarves matched no less garish socks. And the shoes were tan and of the needle-toe last.

Thus garbed in white flannels and the above-mentioned accessories, the president of Princeton gave one look at himself in the only full-length mirror the cottage afforded, and——! Ah, there was a very merry luncheon.

It seems that I am doomed to ramble in my story telling. Perhaps it is quite as well. At any rate my future articles shall continue so, and in these I will offer you what I may in vindication, not of myself—bless you, no!—but of Woodrow Wilson, for surely what I know of him leaves no aloes in the mouth.

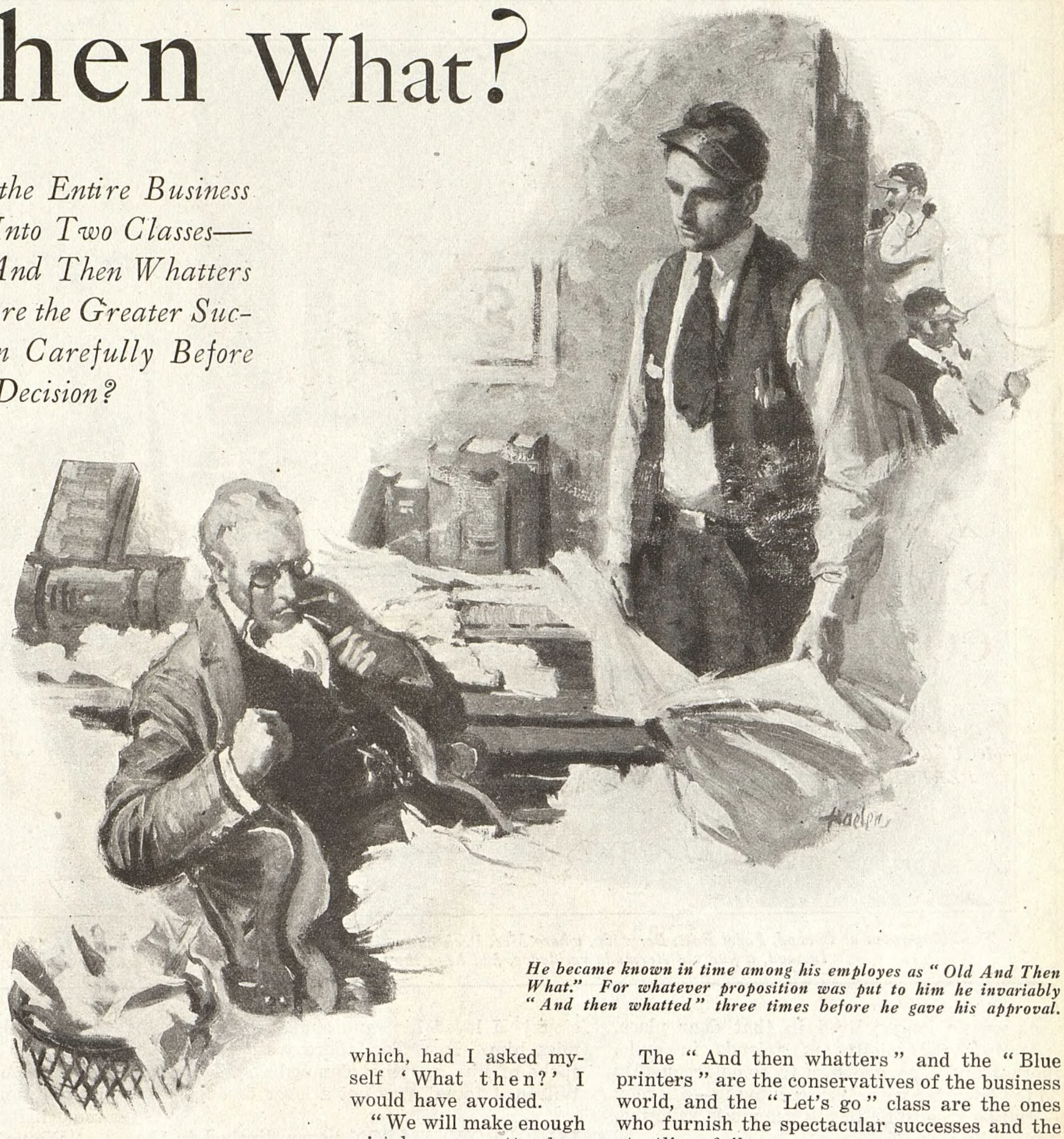
The second installment of Mrs. Peck's intimate pen picture of the late President will appear in the next issue.

And Then What?

DO You Know That the Entire Business World Can Be Divided Into Two Classes—the Let's Goers and the And Then Whatters—and That the Latter Are the Greater Successes Because They Plan Carefully Before They Make a Decision?

By FREDERICK HALSEY

Picture by JOHN A. HAELEN



He became known in time among his employes as "Old And Then What." For whatever proposition was put to him he invariably "And then whatted" three times before he gave his approval.

ONE of the most successful owners of newspapers in America was an elderly Middle Western man with but little journalistic experience. He hired editors, but he always kept closely in touch with what they were doing, and maintained intimate connection with his paper.

A brilliant young editor, filled with enthusiasm, suggested a plan which seemed of great promise. The owner listened seriously until his editor had outlined the entire project.

"And then what?" he inquired.

The editor, a little flustered, gathered his thoughts and explained the probable reactions and results from the proposed campaign. The owner nodded.

"And then what?" he inquired.

The editor studied, and after a time carried the idea to another stage.

"And then what?" the owner repeated.

The editor explained and the owner nodded.

"All right; go ahead," he approved.

He became known in time among his employés as "Old And Then What." For whatever proposition was put to him he invariably "And then whatted" three times before he gave his approval.

"The reason I ask 'And then what?'" explained the newspaper owner, "is that nothing is worth while undertaking unless it carries to a logical conclusion. It is the adaptation of the "Look before you leap" axiom to business. The man or woman who starts something without studying the probable results will run into the most unexpected difficulties.

"The worst situation I ever got myself into was in starting a certain advertising campaign without studying to see where, as it developed, it was certain to lead. It was a tremendous success during the first two stages, and almost bankrupted me when it struck the obstacles which, had I asked myself 'What then?' I would have avoided.

"We will make enough mistakes, no matter how carefully we study the sequence of affairs.

"I do not regard any plan worth considering until it will stand the analysis of three 'and then whats'—or at least until we have analyzed as well as we can the probable result of each step in the project."

ANOTHER wealthy and well known man in that same city is known among his business associates as "Bill Blue Print." There was a general belief in his big organization that no matter how small a matter was in hand it had to be "blue printed"—that is, worked out and approved—before anything was done.

His associates admitted that "Bill Blue Print" had a record of having made fewer mistakes and of having made a greater percentage of successes than anyone in his line of business, and that he never had suffered a heavy loss. Yet the majority of men under him, especially the younger subordinates, had the idea that he was wasting time and indulging in too many "useless" safeguards.

The "And then what?" class in business is about one-fifth as large as the "Let's go" class; and while consistently the most successful and showing less than one-tenth as many failures as the other class, it also fails to achieve the brilliant, rapid successes of the opposite business school.

The "And then whatters" and the "Blue printers" are the conservatives of the business world, and the "Let's go" class are the ones who furnish the spectacular successes and the startling failures.

A REMARKABLE fact is learned from a study of the big business and financial figures of the United States. I selected from a financial report showing the leading fortunes of the country two hundred names and submitted them to a New York financial expert, merely requesting him to check off those whose fortunes were made through taking a chance and those whose start was obtained by careful planning and safe and sane methods.

Thirty-two were of the former class and one hundred and sixty-eight fortunes were founded on the "And then what?" system. Of the thirty-two only eight were old established fortunes. The others have been made during and since the war.

"If you take the next two hundred fortunes," this financial expert remarked, "you will find that a greater percentage of them are based upon careful and sound planning. The great bulk of the money of the world is in the hands of the men who do not habitually take chances. If it were possible to get accurate figures you would discover, beyond doubt, that practically *everyone* who is rich took a chance at some time, won, and then ceased gambling. Those who keep on taking chances disappear from the ranks of the millionaires."

THE END

The GREAT UNOPEN SPACES

A Short Story by

RICHARD CONNELL

Pictures by McCULLOUGH PARTEE

Johnny Mascott was the first to reach her side.

The Breath of the North Woods Is in This Stirring Narrative Even Though Its Plot Centers About Grand Central Station in New York

I.

STRAIGHT as the pine he was felling was Johnny Mascott. Blue as the clear, cold waters of Lake La Trell on whose shore stood the pine were Johnny Mascott's eyes. The bronze-brown of autumn leaves was in his face, one second the face of a man, and the next the face of a boy. Into his broad chest he drew the crisp air, and, as he swung his ax with the easy, accurate swing of one who has handled an ax since boyhood, Johnny Mascott sang to himself and to the pines a song of joy.

His song had a different tune each time he sang it. Always the tune was glad, with chords of triumph and notes of anticipation.

"I go to those New York tomorr';
I spend there lot of dough—
I see everything, yessir, by gollies."

Yes, on the morrow he was going to taste a new and wonderful experience, of which he had dreamed long. No explorer, setting forth for a remote, untrodden corner of the Gobi Desert, or some secret shrine in the hidden fastness of Tibet, ever approached his trip with the air of mystery, and even of awe, that Johnny Mascott felt as he contemplated his first visit to the American metropolis.

To him New York was distant, dim, fabulous. No one of his acquaintance had ever been there, but northward to Lake La Trell, and that means nearly to Hudson Bay, had

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filtered tales of a city strange as a chimera, and as terrible, a city crowded with curious fascinations and with adventures of no ordinary kind.

Other men up there had heard, but they shook their heads, stuffed their short black pipes with blacker tobacco, and said it was not for them. Give them, said they, the simpler pleasures of Three Moose Village, with its fresh, pine-scented air, its white church, its neat streets, its spirit of neighborliness; not for them the clang and tumult, the rush and worry of the great city; they were simple folk.

But Johnny Mascott, he was different. True, like the rest, he was of plain woodsman stock, and, like them, he conceived of New York as a place utterly strange, and inhabited, he did not doubt, by a race of beings at least half devil. He was different because the spark of adventure glowed in his soul, and the city of mystery some hundreds of miles away across the trees and water held for him a lure that was stronger than his fear of it. He would go there; he would see it for himself; when he was twenty-three he would go, and to this end he had saved from his earnings as the best young woodsman in the region. Tomorrow he would be twenty-three; the great day had come, and he would go.

Up there in Johnny Mascott's country they speak mostly French *patois*. Johnny had learned to speak also a certain rough and ready brand of English without ever learning to read that language.

"YESSIR, by gollies, New York, tomorrow I see her," he caroled. He finished his song as the falling pine made a crashing crescendo finale. Then he trudged home to the comfortable looking house of painted logs where he lived with his mother. She held out to her big son a freshly fried *bengue*, a monster doughnut indigenous to those parts, all twists and convolutions, and dwarfing lesser doughnuts of city manufacture even as the towering pines of the forests dwarf the puny maples of the towns. Before he sampled its deliciousness, Johnny kissed his mother's warm, red cheek with a noise like corn popping.

"I've made forty," she said; then asked, anxiously, "Do you think that will be enough?"

Johnny Mascott rubbed his tousled black head to indicate that he was in the throes of mental arithmetic. Then he nodded.

"Yes, forty will be plenty. For three days only I go. Yes, that will be thirteen *bengues* a day."

"Will you take some trout, too? You could keep them fresh in a basket of grass and cook them as you needed them."

Johnny gravely considered this problem.

"No," he decided, at last. "I guess New York she have eating houses."

"Then you don't want to take the *bengues*, either?"

Johnny saw that she was disappointed. He put one big arm around her shoulder and smiled down on her.

"I guess New York she ain't got no *bengues* like my mother she make," he said. "Sure, I take them."

Of course he didn't sleep much that night. When he did sleep it was to dream jumbled dreams of a cubistic city of slanting towers and queer, square people. For Johnny Mascott's schooling had been scant, and he never had seen so much as a picture postcard of the great city he proposed to visit. Of cities of any size, indeed, he knew little. Moose Factory was the largest place he had ever seen—and they have no subway problem in Moose Factory. He had always thought of city dwellers as a race apart, a race not normal, for used as he was to space and solitude, he could not understand why people should wish to live in each other's pockets. He had no definite picture of what the metropolis would be like; he was prepared for anything.

At dawn he woke that he might catch a nine o'clock train. He packed a large yellow suitcase, while his mother hovered about making dubious maternal noises. It was she who wrapped each of the forty *bengues* in a separate piece of paper; it was she who tucked in his prayer book; and with her own hands she sewed some of his money to his undershirt till it was lumpy with greenbacks.

MOST of the population of Three Moose Village—for they all liked Johnny—assembled to see him off, and many were the shouted and whispered admonitions to beware of wooden money, card sharps, knock-out drops, green goods men, painted sirens, and the other pitfalls with which New York, in the opinion of Three Moose Village, is infested. Then, after promises to be good and not get run over, a long, clinging good-by to his mother, a canoe trip across the lake, a jouncing drive over corduroy roads in a buckboard, Johnny reached the railroad station and boarded the train.

His heart beat high under his new shirt—a shirt calculated to win the admiration and respect of New York; a conflagration of a shirt, red wool, checkered over with black squares big as playing cards.

By Three Moose Village standards his costume was the last word in elegance, being in hue golden and in fabric corduroy. His obviously new shoes were the color of fresh butter and gave forth high, urgent squeaks as if he were treading on a parade of mice. He'd tried on a dozen pairs of shoes before he had found a pair whose squeak seemed of suitable loudness.

In that region a new shoe is judged by its squeak, and silent shoes are despised, for how is the world to know that a man's shoes are fresh from the box unless they speak up and announce it?

In one large, brown hand he held his suitcase; in the other his hatchet. Under his coat, in a sheath at his belt, was his hunting knife. Let New York come on; Johnny Mascott was ready for it.

His blue eyes drank in the flowing scenery. When thick night closed in on his train as it was shooting straight down the Hudson River, a giant iron arrow aimed at the heart of New York, he was agape from the wonders he had seen. His eyes, tired by so much intense seeing, closed. When they opened again the train had plunged into the tunnel deep down under Park Avenue, and it would not come up for breath before it reached the nether depths under the station.

"Grand Central! All out!" The trainman's staccato call made Johnny's eyes fly open like the eyelids of a mechanical doll. He stared out of the car window with the blinking confusion of the recently awakened. All he saw was a dingy murkiness, for the dark walls of the tunnel stared back at him. Where were the bright lights he had fancied would festoon the city?

"New York? Is this her?" he ventured to the trainman.

"Sure; that's her," the trainman replied.

He was in New York! There it was, just outside the train window. Johnny Mascott's heart was pumping even faster than that day he crouched behind a stump and shot his first bull moose as it was charging down upon him. Picking up his suitcase and hatchet, he cautiously stepped out into the swirl and bustle of arriving passengers. He had never been in a place so fast, so confusing. In every direction stretched the arteries of the station. He stood uncertain which one to follow.

A giant, in uniform, black of face, red of cap, bore down on him, seemingly intent of wresting away Johnny's suitcase. But Johnny was quicker than the marauder; Johnny's muscular body, with a swift motion, slipped aside, and he ran. Down the long platform he ran. Other men in red caps in the lower hall made tentative grabs for his suitcase. He gripped it more tightly and held them at bay by scowling fearsomely and laying a hand on his hunting knife.

The feel of the hilt of the knife suggested something to Johnny Mascott. How was he going to find his way back to the train? That train was the connecting link between himself and his home, and he did not propose to let that link get severed. He was too good a woodsman to let himself get lost in New York or any other wilderness. But how could he be sure to be able to trace his way back through this maze? He stood in the midst of the eddying throngs considering this problem. Then a solution came to him. He would blaze a trail!

Taking out his hatchet, he made his slow, wary, explorative way along, and as he went he chopped small nicks in the stone walls of the station.

He was in New York! This, beyond doubt, was it. Out of the great waiting room shoot numerous hollow, brightly lighted tentacles, which one may follow for blocks without reaching the outer air. Johnny chose one at random and followed it with wide and wondering eyes.

ON either side were shops, glittering shops filled with a dazzling profusion of wares. Before this Johnny had seen only the jumbled and somewhat drab general store of his native village; before this a store to him had meant a dim, bare-walled, barn-like building, crowded with unpainted boxes and barrels, its wares consisting of a meager and dusty array of canned goods, lamp chimneys, bolts of calico, wool socks, and ax handles, its decorations hams hanging like lynched men from the rafters.

These shops before him were enchanted places. Here were men's shops resplendent with neckties like butterflies, neckties like tropical flowers, neckties like sunsets; vests that cried aloud; groves of suits; orchards of hats. Here were women's shops gay with rainbow lingerie and scarfs of a hundred hues, with evening dresses red and evening dresses yellow, with a forest of multi-colored stockings on plump wax legs, amputated just above the knee.

Here were music shops through whose opened doors blew brisk blasts of jazz; jewelry shops ablaze and asparkle like the mouth of hell itself; candy shops piled high with sweet and colorful temptations; cigar stores, festive with a thousand brands; restaurants, astir with flitting waiters and smelling seductively; fruit shops displaying fascinating pyramids of pomegranates, alligator pears, cumquats, casabas, red bananas, and other exotic fruit that Johnny had to see to believe; book shops, lace shops, hardware shops, shoe shops, barber shops.

Shops, shops, everywhere a jungle of shops that kept Johnny agog, overwhelmed by their prodigal magnificence. New York was more

marvelous, more brilliant than even his most roseate dreams of it.

In front of a fruit shop he paused, intrigued by the red bananas. Presently, plucking up courage and his best possible English, he bought one. As he stood nibbling its nude end a feeling of elation swept over him; he was seeing New York, and he was beginning to go the pace. He finished his red banana and carefully saved the skin to offer as evidence to doubting Thomases in Three Moose Village.

He began to realize that even his stalwart body was feeling fatigue from the emotional and physical stresses of the day. He must find a place to sleep. As he sought for the word "hotel," which he knew because it is a French word, one thing alone disturbed Johnny Mascott, one thing alone struck him as grotesque and deplorable about this city of marvels: Where was the sky?

"I've made forty," she said; then asked, anxiously, "Do you think that will be enough?"

II.

HE found a sign, "Hotel," and entered the revolving door of one of the lower entrances of a cloud-touching hotel reared near the station. After being revolved in the door for five revolutions Johnny was expelled at last, and in the spacious lobby of the hotel saw new marvels.

The room they gave him was on a court, and so deep down that from his room a glimpse of the heavens would have been possible only to a giraffe of acrobatic propensities.

When he awoke all Johnny could see, did see were the walls opposite; the court seemed dim, almost tomb-like, for the day far above was gray and overcast, and only a small, dingy part of it had filtered down as far as Johnny's window. He shook his head, beset by perplexities. What a curious city!

He followed a long blue carpet trail along the corridor, not forgetting to make tiny blazes as each corner. He had not left his suitcase in his room; he was taking no chances. The elevator plunged downward to the basement of the hotel, and Johnny emerged again into the network of passages under the station. Down there, somewhere, he remembered, was a restaurant of gleaming whiteness, redolent with the aroma of steaming coffee and the genial perfume of new-born griddle cakes. He followed the trail he had blazed to this restaurant. In front of the broad plate glass window he came to a halt, spellbound. In the window a slight, red-headed girl was tossing aloft griddle cakes.

Johnny had made many a griddle cake in his time, but he felt himself a crude amateur as he watched her. His cakes had been large, thick, irregular cakes, in shape like a map of Africa, with, usually, a burned place where

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To make "him" happy Christmas Morning

Give "him" a Valet AutoStrop Razor. We offer de luxe gift outfits which will appeal to his pride and pleasure.

Gold plated, some. Others include accessories such as lather brush, soap in case, etc. A large assortment of gift sets is ready for your inspection at thousands of stores throughout the nation.

He will welcome such a thoughtful gift and it will give him a perfect shave every day with "the razor that sharpens itself."

Shop early. Simplify. Get each man on your list a Valet AutoStrop Razor de luxe. Prices $1 to $25.

Standard Set
(Leather Case)
$5.00

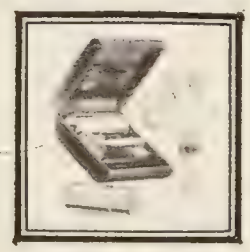
Traveling Set
$13.50

Valet Auto Strop Razor

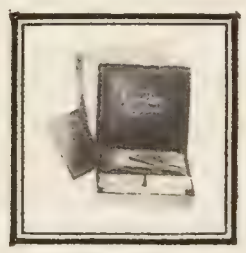
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sharpens Itself

Standard Set
(Metal Case)
$5.00



Traveling Set
$8.50



Gold Plated Set
$5.00

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 First Avenue, New York City

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

the Sahara Desert is. His cakes, compared to hers, were as the quack of the duck compared to the song of the lark. Hers were perfect circles of an even golden brownness. He stood marveling at her expertness, her grace, her deftness. This was art.

Johnny Mascott did not know much about girls. He was, in fact, rather afraid of them. Yet he ventured to steal a glance at the tosser of the griddle cakes. Absorbed in the practice of her craft, she paid no heed to him. Her face, he noted, was a small, almost pinched face, and so pale that the white tiles of the restaurant seemed like blushes in comparison.

She had made a brave but entirely unsuccessful attempt to conceal with rouge the defects of nature; on her cheeks were two small pink islands which even to Johnny's untutored eyes seemed as artificial as the synthetic tan on the faces of the nobby but waxen young men in clothing store windows. Her arms, he noticed, were no bigger round than his ax handle.

She made him think of the first spring flowers he used to pick for his mother in the woods near their house; she was as pretty and as frail. He saw that when she lifted the metal pitcher full of batter it was hard work for her; indeed, it seemed to him that even tossing the griddle cakes, though they were light as toy balloons, cost her some effort. Johnny sighed. Doubtless she was a bold, bad little thing, for in the mind of Three Moose Village boldness and badness were inseparable from New York girls.

JUST then the girl, looking up from the soapstone griddle, saw Johnny staring at her, raptly. For a very small part of a second her eyes met his; then they dropped, and, gathering up the pile of browned cakes, she turned away. Johnny could not understand it; she was a New York girl, and, actually, she seemed to have displayed a shyness not at all compatible with boldness and badness.

He lingered in front of the window, assuring himself that his interest was solely in observing, for future use, her method of tossing aloft the golden cakes so that they plopped back precisely in place. When she did not return to the soapstone griddle in the window Johnny went into the restaurant; he assured himself that his sole reason for doing so was to sample some of the cakes he had seen created. Her table was in a corner; Johnny sat down at it.

When the girl came to take his order Johnny was prepared for a curt brusqueness or an easy professional familiarity; but when she asked him what he would like he noticed that her voice, like her face, was small, and a trifle frightened. He ordered liberally, for he was used to a woodsman's breakfast, double orders of everything —coffee, wheat cakes, sausage, eggs. Then he was sorry he had ordered so much, for under the heavy tray she walked slowly, sagging a little. When he thanked her she gave him a quick, fluttering smile. He went out hastily when he had finished; he did not wish to be there when she found the dollar bill he had left under her plate.

HIS suitcase, bulging with doughnuts and spare socks, encumbered him, so Johnny, accustomed to the neighborly ways of Three Moose Village, went up to the nearest official looking person, who, he did not doubt, was the station agent and a proper custodian of suitcases. The man happened to be a uniformed guardian of one of the many news stands, a beady eyed youth, moodily manicuring his nails.

Putting his suitcase on the counter, Johnny, in his most friendly manner, said, "Mr. Station-keep——"

The manicurer looked up and ejected a monosyllable, "Huh?"

"My greep, you keep her," said Johnny, affably. "I come back."

Before the astonished youth could formulate an appropriately disdainful refusal, Johnny had turned away and was lost in the crowd. The suitcase was borne, indignantly, to the Lost and Found Department.

About the labyrinthian underworld of the station wandered Johnny Mascott. For long stretches of time he stood in front of the shops down there, entranced. What a city! In one he purchased for his mother, after much thought, a flaming orange negligee, a pair of pink corsets, garters studded with rosebuds; in another he bought her a white celluloid set of combs and brushes, and a large bronze replica of the Venus de Milo with an alarm clock firmly implanted in her abdomen. Then he sought out the news stand where he had left his suitcase. Politely Johnny approached the guardian and said:

"Mr. Station-keep——"

The youth looked up and growled, "Wot?"

"My greep—where is she?"

The youth put down his nail file and glared frostily at the corduroy clad figure before him.

"Howinell should I know," grunted the youth.

"But my greep—I leave her here."

The manner of the youth did not in the least appeal to Johnny Mascott.

"Yeah?" The youth was very bored. "Well, it ain't here now. We got enough to do without minding grips, see?"

Johnny Mascott felt hot anger in his soul. Not profane by temperament, he realized that this

was an occasion calling for the free use of strong language. Leaning across the counter he shook a finger in the face of the youth, and, mustering all his linguistic forces, Johnny Mascott addressed him, passionately:

"You sort of peeg," said Johnny, "you're the by-Goddest station-keep be damned. You ain't no more fitten to keep station in spite of hell, that's all I hope."

With that he spun on his heel and strode away.

JOHNNY could not have told how, or why, his irate steps took him back to the restaurant where the little red-headed girl tossed griddle cakes. She was not at her soapstone shrine in the window, but back by her table. leaning against the wall; tired, he thought.

Something reminded him that he was hungry; also that now that his suitcase was gone he was cut off from his food supply. He entered the restaurant, not without a certain amount of diffidence. He saw that she remembered him, and he became, quite suddenly, deeply interested in the menu card.

"Those cakes you make. I like some," he said, and added: "You make them beautiful."

He saw that she was pleased. He watched the girl as she went to the griddle in the window and poured out the round white rough sketches which would soon be converted into brown finished masterpieces. As he watched her standing there, looking so fragile, and showing signs of fatigue, beneath the checkered shirt of Johnny Mascott grew a strange, new sensation.

He tried to picture to himself the place she lived and he saw it as a small, cavelike room tucked away somewhere in the master honeycomb that was New York; underground, of course, as the rest of the city was; probably damp; surely sunless. He reflected that the women of his north country were sturdy and buxom, with cheeks like ripe apples—but then, he thought, they had the tonic of nature—two parts pine scented air, two parts cordial sun—while she—but what could one expect in such a city? Perhaps, he mused, never in her life had she seen the sky and trees.

The clatter and chatter of the restaurant had subsided, for it was past the usual lunch hour, and only a few travelers were eating there, gulping hastily, and anxiously eyeing timetables. Johnny was alone at her table in the corner.

When she returned with his stack of cakes Johnny looked up at her, bashfully.

"My name," he said, "Johnny Mascott. I live Three Moose Village. Very nice place. Way up there."

He pointed northward with his fork.

"Oh," said the girl, smiling. "Up near the Bronx."

He shrugged his shoulders, not understanding.

"Up there we have not got those stores like you got," he told her, "but we got nice things."

She listened, trying to understand.

"We got no electric lights," he went on. "But up there"—he gestured toward the ceiling—"God put great big light, yellow and very bright, like million electric lights, and it shine all day and make us very healthy."

She had not the least idea what he was talking about, but she smiled and said, "That must be very nice."

"Yes," said Johnny. "Very nice; very warm; makes flowers grow; good for you."

He was afraid from the look that crossed her face that he had, in some way, offended her; he hadn't really meant to add those last three words. He stopped talking abruptly and ate his cakes. His stock of conversation and confidence had, for the time being, deserted him. So he went out into the lower level waiting room, and, sitting there, watched the crowds.

"Must be a circus in town," he mused. "So many folks."

The cataract of passing faces Johnny studied and was distressed. Such furtive faces, ferret faces, tired faces, faces that were pale and stamped with care; so many faces too fat and faces too thin; some few faces healthy and alive, like his own; strangers in town, like himself, thought Johnny Mascott. And now and then he saw a face that was not there, the face of the girl in the restaurant. A thought struck Johnny Mascott.

"Must go back," he muttered. "Must tell her about trees."

She looked almost alarmed when she saw him again.

"More those cakes, please," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Mascott."

She left him in a glow; she had remembered his name. Such a nice girl, he thought; and she has never seen a tree! So, when she returned he said to her:

"In my country we got something not here. Like this"—he indulged in pantomime—"very tall, all green like, with long arms, lots of long arms stick out all 'round, like this." He stretched out his arms to indicate the branches of a pine.

"Is it alive?" the girl asked.

"Sure she are alive," he answered. He did not in the least want the cakes she had brought; he was bursting with cakes; but he manfully attacked the new batch.

"Those things up there," the girl began, "aren't you scared of them?"

Johnny wrinkled a puzzled brow.

"I mean," explained the girl, "when they come after you with all those arms what do you do?"

"Do?" He was still puzzled. "Oh, yes, sure; I cut them down with my axe. Like this." He made vigorous motions with an imaginary axe.

"Gee!" said the girl. "That sounds brave."

"I got a house," said Johnny, irrelevantly. "Nice house. Very warm. Right by lake. Flower garden in back. Vegetable garden, too. Lots of chickens. Nice cow. Named Marie. Give plenty of milk—very thick—good for you."

The girl looked at him with a disturbed face.

"Say," she said, "what do you mean: good for me? There's nothing the matter with me. I'm all right."

He returned her look gravely.

"You not so strong," he said.

"I'm strong enough," she replied, defiantly, and went away to wait on another customer.

JOHNNY went forth again into the maze of the station. Its passages seemed infinite to him. He was constantly finding new underground corridors lined with shops. He strayed down into the subway, but did not entrust himself to one of its roaring trains. He did not propose to be borne too far away from his train; there was plenty to divert him in that part of New York he had seen; and there was that restaurant and that girl.

He took some money from its hiding place on his undershirt and with it bought presents for Three Moose Village—neckties that screamed; pocketknives that were complete little chests of tools; pipes. He had his hair cut in a barber shop of appalling dimensions and had a high polish imparted to his shoes; he bought his mother another pair of corsets: black ones this time with murals of sweet peas on them; he put pennies in a score of chewing gum machines, and got gum out of some of them; he purchased a new mouth organ and retired to the smoking room for a time to try it; he had his shoes shined again just for the pure extravagance of it. As he gazed proudly down at the glowing toes of his shoes their radiance suggested something to him.

"I ought to tell her about the moon," he remarked. "And the stars."

To the restaurant repaired Johnny Mascott.

"Back again, Mr. Mascott?" she greeted him.

"Yes, back again."

"More cakes?"

"Yes, please, more cakes."

Heaven knew he did not want them; Heaven alone knew what he'd do with them when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRUB *Is Coming Back!*

JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE
Arnold Genthe Photo.

AFTER an absence of several months Trub, the lovable pup, is coming back to amuse us. Hundreds of letters have come to Liberty demanding to know when Trub would continue his refreshing accounts of the doings of The Molecule, Flips, the chauffeur, and all the rest of Trub's family at Gray Gables.

Well, here's the answer. Trub's Diary will be resumed in Liberty's next issue. John Taintor Foote has compiled a new series of inimitable yarns which will open with *The Wild Hyena*—a name which Trub acquired when he succeeded in upsetting Gray Gables' culinary routine.

Just then the girl, looking up from the soapstone griddle, saw Johnny staring at her, raptly.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

they came. He was compelled to do the only thing he could under the circumstances: eat them. He ate them slowly, trying to look ecstatic.

"Say, you are a hearty eater," the girl commented.

"Aren't you?"

"I don't eat more than a bird," she replied, and, turning away, coughed.

"Why you cough?" He was regarding her closely.

"Oh, just to make people ask questions," she answered, attempting airiness.

"Please don't go 'way," he said. "I must got to tell you something."

She did not go.

"Up in my country," he said, "at night, up high, in sky, hundreds, thousands lights—like Christmas tree with candles—and one light she much bigger than rest, all soft and bright, like silver—you know?"

"Sounds like Coney Island," said the girl. Then she sighed. He looked at her intently, yet gently.

"Say, how old you?" he asked.

"Who? Me?"

"Sure. You."

"Nineteen."

"You married?"

"Who? Me? Don't make me laugh."

The catsup in the bottle on the table was no redder than Johnny Mascott's face as he said:

"You like to go with me to picture show tonight?"

The girl coughed and for a second did not answer. Then she said:

"Much obliged, but I can't."

"Can't?" He was crestfallen.

"No," she said. "I got a date."

"A date?" Johnny Mascott's face was unhappy with a sudden suspicion.

"You engaged?" he asked.

"Yes. You hit it. I'm engaged."

"I hope," said Johnny, "he's a nice fella."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "he's a prince." Then she laughed, and the way she laughed made Johnny look at her sharply.

"He rich?" Johnny queried.

"Oh, loads of money."

"After you marry," Johnny asked, "you live here?"

"In New York? Sure we will. Maybe Fifth Avenue. Maybe Park Avenue."

"I'm sorry you can't come tonight," Johnny said.

She smiled a short smile.

"So am I." Then, "Say, want to see his picture?"

Johnny assented, glumly.

From a brass locket that hung about her neck the girl took a small picture. It was the smiling face of a blond, rather good looking young man.

"That him?" Johnny asked, dolefully.

"Yes. That's Edward."

"And you live here—this city?"

"I? Sure. Swell apartment. Ten rooms and eleven baths."

"I mean," he said, "after you marry."

"Didn't I just tell you," she replied, "we'll live here. You are a funny fella."

She turned to wait on another customer, and when she looked again to where Johnny had been sitting, he was gone. Gone, and the cakes not half eaten.

III.

WHEN closing time came in the restaurant and it came at last—the girl went to her home. It was not an apartment of ten rooms and eleven baths. Nor was it the subterranean cave of Johnny Mascott's imagining. In one respect his vision of it had been correct. It was sunless. It was up four flights of stairs in a down-at-the-heel rooming house on Third Avenue, and the girl, as she made the steep ascent, had to stop at almost every step.

Once in her room, she sank on the iron cot without even so much as taking off her coat or her hat. She closed her eyes and shut out the room with its wall paper where once bluebirds fluttered; they were wan, smudgy doves now; with its lone wobbly legged chair and its chest of drawers dating from an era when furniture was made to be used, not to be looked at.

A knock at her door announced that Jennie Cross, her next door neighbor, was home from her work in a bargain basement.

"Come on out, Elsie," said Miss Cross to the red-headed girl. "Let's take in a film."

"Not tonight, dear."

"Tired?"

"Dead tired."

"Been coughin' again?"

"Well, what of it?" The girl on the bed gave a toss to her small head.

"Of course," said Miss Cross, "it ain't no affair of mine, dearie, but if I was you I'd try to get out of the city somewhere. It ain't no place for lungs like yourn, Elsie Clancy."

"Oh, sure," said Miss Clancy, with a brief, not very soft laugh. "I'll jump in my motor car and run up to Newport. Or shall I go to my camp in the Adirondacks?"

"Kid away, Elsie," returned Miss Cross. "But watch your step. You're livin' on your nerve right now. Some day that'll go blooie, and then——"

"Don't you worry about me, Jennie. If there's one thing I can't stand it's having people sorry for me. I don't want anybody's pity, thanks." She suppressed a cough, and said, with an attempt at animation:

"Say, the funniest fella came to my table today."

"Yeah?" Fellas, of all sorts, interested Miss Cross. "Was he handsome, Elsie?"

"Yes"—Elsie Clancy's eyes were reminiscent—"I guess you'd call him handsome. He was awful healthy looking, anyway."

"What was his line?" Miss Cross asked this with the air of a connoisseur in lines.

"Well," answered Miss Clancy, "he was a sort of foreigner, and I didn't quite get everything he said, but I think he lives up near the Bronx, in a circus, or a kind of Coney Island, where there are a lot of bright lights, and I think he's an animal trainer and trains big, tall, green animals with long arms."

"Had he been drinking?" asked Miss Cross.

"No; he wasn't the drinking kind. But, gosh, how he could eat!"

Miss Cross looked quizzically at the girl on the bed.

"Elsie Clancy," said Miss Cross, "I think he made a hit with you."

Miss Clancy examined the doves on the wallpaper.

"Fat lot of good that does," she remarked, finally.

"Try to date you up?"

No answer.

"Did he?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go out with him?"

"Ah, what's the use? When night comes I'm so all in I couldn't lift a cream puff."

"What you need," began Miss Cross, "is fresh air and a long rest."

"Sure, and a pearl necklace and a limousine," said Miss Clancy. "Oh, cut it out, Jen."

"How did you get out of meeting this guy that tames green giraffes?" inquired Miss Cross.

"Told him I had a date."

"A date? Who with?"

An ever so faint wave of color crossed Miss Clancy's face.

"Edward," she replied.

Miss Cross giggled.

"You're a card, Elsie," she said. "Well, so long. Sorry you don't feel like coming to the pictures. It's a swell film—Should Wives Wed? But you do look sort of run down."

As Miss Cross left the room she called after her, "Well, I hope Edward keeps his date with you."

Edward didn't.

Elsie Clancy dragged off her clothes somehow and even the scream of the brakes of the elevated trains did not pierce her sleep. As for Johnny Mascott, in his courtyard room in the great hotel, he did not fall asleep till very late, for he was thinking. It was past midnight before he snapped out his light with the decisive gesture of one who has made up his mind.

IN the morning straight to the restaurant with determined steps went Johnny Mascott. The girl did not see him, for she was standing by the chair of a fat man who was ordering a fat breakfast. Johnny thought she seemed even smaller and paler than the day before. He tried to attract her attention, but she was intent on her work, and he saw her go to her soapstone griddle and make three orders of cakes for the fat man. She gathered them up, put them on a tray, and started away from the griddle.

Then a crash such as would mark the entrance of a bull into a china shop filled the room. She had crumpled down to the floor, and the dishes had shattered on its tiled surface, and the fat man's fat breakfast had become a catastrophe. Johnny Mascott was the first to reach her side. He picked her up in his arms and she was so light he hardly felt her there at all.

. . . . . .

The commuting passengers in the station had something to tell in their offices that day.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Perkins, the receiving teller, to Mr. Miller, the paying teller, "what do you think I saw as I stepped off the 8:48 this morning? They were shooting a movie in the station. Yessir, right down in the lower level, and a big, handsome guy made up as a woodsman was carrying a pretty little red-headed girl dressed as a waitress through the train gate where the Canadian Express pulls out. It sure was realistic."

"Yes?" said Mr. Miller. "The movies stop at nothing, do they. Well, I see the Giants won again yesterday—a double header, too."

"I HAD to," Johnny Mascott was telling the girl. The train was well out of the city by now. "I couldn't let you stay there—under the ground—never see sun, never see sky, never see trees. You'd die. You are like flowers—you must have air and sun. Up my country, plenty air, plenty sun, make you plenty healthy. No, sir, by gollies, I couldn't stand it. That other fella—he'd make you live in that city of no sky—but me, I got more love for you."

Her answer was to hide her face against his corduroy coat.

"Don't you worry about that other fella," she said. "He won't mind, I guess." With uncomprehending eyes he watched her take from the locket the picture of the blond young man. It fluttered from her fingers to the floor.

"I guess," she said, "he won't have much trouble getting another girl."

Johnny had stooped and picked up the picture. He was studying it with wrinkled brow.

"I've seen this fella, by gollies," he said. "Yessir, I've seen this picture somewhere."

"I guess perhaps you have," said the girl, not looking at him. "You see, Johnny, that's the Prince of Wales."

The only thing Johnny Mascott could think of to do was to kiss her.

"But you don't even know my name," she said—and she was smiling. He smiled back at her as he said:

"Your name, she don't make no difference. You are going to change her when we get to Albany."

THE END

Liberty's All-

Meteoric Harold "Red" Grange of Illinois, left half back.

HERE THEY ARE!

	FIRST TEAM		SECOND TEAM	
WT.	PLAYER	POSITION	PLAYER	WT.
167	Bjorkman, *Dartmouth*	L. E.	Vesser, *Idaho*	175
181	Weir, Ed., *Nebraska*	L. T.	Beattie, *Princeton*	202
205	Diehl, *Dartmouth*	L. G.	Abramson, *Minnesota*	196
185	Horrell, *California*	Center	Walsh, *Notre Dame*	185
196	Pondelik, *Chicago*	R. G.	Hills, *Princeton*	204
202	Gowdy, *Chicago*	R. T.	Thomas, *Southern California*	180
200	Mahaney, *Holy Cross*	R. E.	Otte, *Iowa*	171
152	Stuehldreher, *Notre Dame*	Q. B.	Stivers, *Idaho*	145
172	Grange, *Illinois*	L. H.	Hall, *Dartmouth*	162
183	Darling, *Boston College*	R. H.	Crowley, *Notre Dame*	158
168	Layden, *Notre Dame*	F. B.	Young, *California*	178

First Team—Average weight of the line, 190 6-7 lbs.; backfield, 168¾ lbs.

Second Team—Average weight of the line, 187 4-7 lbs.; backfield, 160¾ lbs.

"Chuck" Darling, Boston College, right half back.
General Feature Photo.

THE ALL-AMERICAN TEAMS

By N. J. Flatley

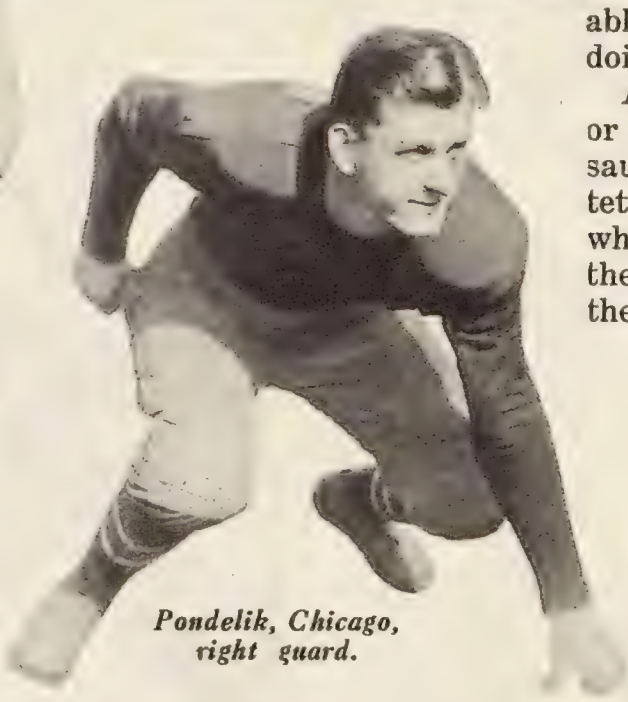
Veteran Boston Sports Writer

AJAX defying the lightning had a soft assignment compared to that of the individual who picks an All-American football eleven. These mythical teams cannot but work some injustices. There are undoubtedly unknown gridiron heroes as great as those athletes whose smiling fortunes directed them to the big colleges, whence their deeds of valor are broadcast to an interested country.

Your football fan is a peculiar human being, though. He has to have something to talk about, to criticize. He "panned" the "All" teams so harshly during one stretch that the idea was almost passed up by shrewd editors. Forthwith he emitted an even more raucous "screech" when his pabulum for post-season discussion was about to be removed. So what will you?

Liberty's method of picking the greatest possible team in these broad United States seems to be the most eminently fair yet devised, or even possible. Three great football geniuses have named the outstanding players in their respective three great divisions of the country. The resultant selection of eleven from thirty-three is undoubtedly nearer the mark than the haphazard collection of a similar group from the heterogeneous thousands scattered hither and yon.

Bjorkman, Dartmouth, left end.
U. & U. Photo.



Pondelik, Chicago, right guard.

THERE are four essentials for the ideally great football team—weight, speed, brains, and invulnerability. The theoretically perfect eleven must be irresistible offensively and immovable defensively. This All-American array measures up perfectly.

What line could resist the battering plunges of Layden of Notre Dame or Darling of Boston College? What ends and tackles could stave off, to any extent, the phantom, swinging thrusts of the meteoric "Red" Grange of Illinois, the outstanding star of a generation, or the lightning stabs of Darling, heavier than "Red," and just as fast?

What secondary defense would not be cleaned out time and again by the perfect interference that Layden and Stuehldreher afford, that Darling and Grange give? And who could steer a wonder team better than the redoubtable Notre Dame pilot who has been doing that for three years running?

Any one of the four backs could run or pass the ball. Any imaginable assault could be engineered by the quartet. Layden is the West's best punter, while Darling ranks with the best of the ages. Over a period of three years the Boston College man has averaged

Horrell, California, center.

AMERICAN Football Team

The Pick of This Year's Stars, Selected by N. J. Flatley, Veteran Boston Sports Writer, from Three Regional All-Star Teams Picked as Follows:

All-Eastern, by "EDDIE" MAHAN
All-Western, by WALTER ECKERSALL
All-Pacific, by "BRICK" MULLER

fifty yards with his kicks. The Notre Dame wizard can boot over field goals. So, too, can Darling.

The whole four are veterans. They have the experience of the strain of the big game, of the brunt of pitiless banging and hammering.

The backs get most of the praise. The nature of the game makes it so. The ends, when they grind a punt catcher into the turf, or snare a tumbling forward pass, gather some meed of applause, but the ball carriers are the darlings of the stands.

The boys in the forward lines, though, seldom hear their names attached to the end of the sky-splitting frenzied yell of the packed arena. They make the holes that open the trails for the thrilling sprints, and their satisfaction has to be inward. But the beauty of football is the sincerity of the athletes. They have one idea—teamwork, which means victory—and let the cheers fall where they may.

This All-American line, offensively, would be a wonder. It has the weight to pound down the opposing defense; it has speed. The tackles, Weir and Gowdy, and the guards, Diehl and Pondelik, could get into the interference as fleetly as the backs. They can carry out their assignments and then slam on to wreck the secondary defenses.

The four of them are feared as punt blockers. All have scooped up fumbles and intercepted forward passes. And that latter, for a linesman, requires remarkable speed and uncanny ability to diagnose plays.

Horrell of California, at center, is the ideal dashing type; a great asset when it's good, which is rarely. In this case, though, the Coast has produced a sensation.

Bjorkman and Mahaney, the ends, the best of a lot of fine eastern wingmen, would help any sort of attack. Both are adept at taking passes. Both, on run-around plays, are as good as half backs at carrying the ball. And the pair are deadly down-the-field tacklers.

DEFENSIVELY, the team would come up splendidly to all the standards. No normal line could stand up through an entire game against the tireless charges of the heavy, fast forwards. No normal backfield would get any particular joy out of the pastime after a few of the teeth-loosening tackles of the ends, or the secondaries.

Hostile kickers would be hurried; trick plays would be scented and ruined. What backs did sift through the forwards, would take plenty of punishment when the reserve supports piled in. Darling and Layden have the speed, weight, and judgment to figure out enemy plays, and stop them before they ever gain momentum. The pair have intercepted countless forward passes.

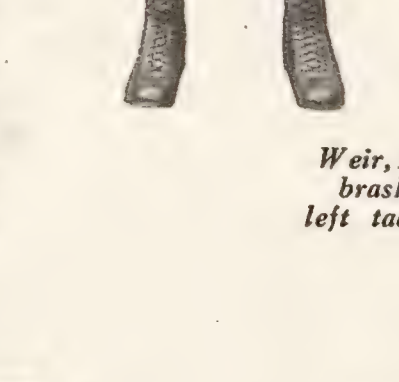
And the glittering Grange trails right along, while Stuehldreher, in the safety position, handles punts as Tris Speaker gobbles baseballs.

This All-American team hasn't a weakness. Tremendous power and startling versatility on offense; the greatest kind of kicking; superb force and football genius on defense.

That's all there is—there isn't any more!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stuehldreher, quarter back. Notre Dame. U. & U. Photo.



Weir, Nebraska, left tackle.

Layden, Notre Dame, full back. International Photo.

Diehl, Dartmouth, left guard. General Feature Photo.

Gowdy, Chicago, right tackle. U. & U. Photo.

Mahaney, Holy Cross, right end. General Feature Photo.

WALTER ECKERSALL'S ALL-WESTERN *and* ALL-AMERICAN SELECTIONS

ALL-WESTERN WT.	PLAYER	POSITION	ALL-AMERICAN PLAYER	WT.
170	LINGENFELTER, *Drake*	L. E.	LUMAN, *Yale*	176
181	WEIR, ED., *Nebraska*	L. T.	WEIR, ED., *Nebraska*	181
196	PONDELIK, *Chicago*	L. G.	PONDELIK, *Chicago*	196
185	WALSH, *Notre Dame*	Center	HORRELL, *California*	185
196	ABRAMSON, *Minnesota*	R. G.	FARWICK, *Army*	184
202	GOWDY, *Chicago*	R. T.	BEATTIE, *Princeton*	202
171	OTTE, *Iowa*	R. E.	BJORKMAN, *Dartmouth*	167
152	STUEHLDREHER, *N. D.*	Q. B.	STUEHLDREHER, *N. D.*	152
172	GRANGE, *Illinois*	L. H.	GRANGE, *Illinois*	172
158	CROWLEY, *Notre Dame*	R. H.	CROWLEY, *Notre Dame*	158
168	LAYDEN, *Notre Dame*	F. B.	LAYDEN, *Notre Dame*	168

All-Western—Average weight of line, 185 6-7 pounds; of backfield, 162½ pounds.

All-American—Average weight of line, 184 3-7 pounds; of backfield, 162½ pounds.

WALTER ECKERSALL played four years of football at the University of Chicago—1903 to 1906—and was captain in '06. He was on the All-American as end in '04 and as quarter back in '05 and '06. He was one of the greatest kickers in football history. He made five drop kicks against Nebraska in 1906 and five against Illinois the same year, and beat Wisconsin in '03 with three drop kicks and beat them again in '05 with one, the only score of the game. In '04 he ran one hundred and six yards from kickoff against Wisconsin, this being the fifth longest run in the history of football. He joined The Chicago Tribune staff in 1907 and has been writing sports and officiating at football ever since.

WALTER H. ECKERSALL

THE ALL-WESTERN TEAM

By WALTER ECKERSALL

Famous Quarter Back and Drop Kicker

IN the selection of an All-American or sectional honorary eleven to be composed of players who have done the most consistently good work throughout the season, just as much pains must be taken as any high-class coach exercises in choosing his team for the more important games.

Every angle of offensive and defensive football must be taken into consideration, and this has been done in the selection of the honorary All-Western eleven. The team as chosen would be strong in the punting and field goal department with Elmer Layden of Notre Dame at full back. Layden could also hurl forward passes, and at the same time be on the receiving end of such plays.

The forward pass attack would be strong with Harry Stuehldreher of Notre Dame throwing the ball, or Harold Grange of Illinois performing in the same capacity while running with the oval. Crowley of Notre Dame also could be used to hurl the ball, while the ends, Lingenfelter of Drake, and Otte of Iowa, have shown their worth in receiving forward passes.

With Grange and Crowley at the half-back positions, the running attack could be used to great advantage. Layden is one of the best line plungers in the Middle West and just as fast as either back. Stuehldreher could be used on quarter-back sneaks or brought back to advance the oval. With such smart players as Grange, Layden, Crowley, and Stuehldreher in the back field, an offense of the most complex variety could be arranged.

Defensively the team would be just as strong. The line would be stanch enough to crash through and smear plays before they formed and the secondary defense smart enough to scent most any attack. The members of the secondary defense are hard, sure tacklers, and Stuehldreher is certain in handling punts.

Lingenfelter of Drake and Otte of Iowa are awarded the end positions on this honorary eleven. Neither permitted plays to get around him all fall. Both covered punts well and aided materially on offense by boxing tackles or getting into the open to receive forward passes.

Ed. Weir of Nebraska and Gowdy of Chicago, captains of their respective elevens, are given the tackle positions. The former is one of the best linemen in the West in years. He broke through repeatedly in the Illinois game to either tackle Grange or smash the plays before they became effective. Gowdy is the same type of star and was given the added responsibility of playing center on offense and tackle on defense during the year.

Abramson of Minnesota and Pondelik of Chicago are worthy of the guard positions. They measure up better than the other guards in the section when hard, consistent playing is taken into consideration.

Captain Walsh of Notre Dame is placed at center. There is no more aggressive pivot man in the Middle West, and when it comes to passing there is none more accurate. Although bothered by injured hands during the season, he played a game which resulted in Coach Knute Rockne claiming he is the best center in Notre Dame football history.

Harry Stuehldreher of Notre Dame, able field general, is placed at quarter back. This was Harry's third year of football and his vast experience against some of the best teams in the country qualifies him for the position. In addition he can carry the ball, lead an interference, and tackle in deadly fashion.

Harold "Red" Grange of Illinois and James Crowley of Notre Dame are placed at half backs. No one will dispute Grange's claim to the honor. It is sufficient to say that he is one of the greatest ball carriers in gridiron history, if not the greatest. Crowley is not far behind the Illinois star in ground gaining qualifications. In fact, there is little to choose between Crowley and his Notre Dame running mate, Don Miller.

Elmer Layden of Notre Dame is the full back. He is an ideal man for the position, having the triple threat. He is one of the best punters seen in the section in years. His punts are high, far, and well placed. Defensively, he is just as effective and his only rivals in the section are Britton of Illinois, and Levi of the Haskell Indians.

THE ALL-PACIFIC COAST TEAM

By HAROLD "BRICK" MULLER

Noted Pacific Coast Gridiron Star and Coach of the University of California Ends

ANY individual who thinks he could pick an All-Pacific team, or an All-American, or any kind of an "all" eleven without making blunders or overlooking heroes, is either an egotist or a genius. The writer, not wishing to come under either of these categories, wishes to suggest that his All-Pacific Coast team be considered a possible representative of the best players, rather than the one and only eleven that might have been selected from the many stars who played football on the Coast this season. It is next to impossible to pick eleven best men out of more than three hundred fine players, and this is written with apologies to those good men who have not been so fortunate, or so unfortunate, if you like, as to be chosen on the first team. However, this well-nigh impossible task has been attempted before by others, and they still live, so here goes:

Vesser of the University of Idaho and Gordon Huber of the University of California have been picked for left and right ends, respectively. Vesser is, without doubt, the best end on the Pacific Coast this year. He is fast and covers punts well. He is an excellent pass receiver. His ability to diagnose his opponents' plays when he is on defense is truly remarkable. He is strong enough to carry out all his assignments on offense.

Huber is a close second to Vesser. The Californian is exceptionally fast and smart going down under punts, is a good pass grabber, and has the power to take the tackle out on offense. Very little yardage was made on him all season.

Harry Shipkey of Leland Stanford was best at left tackle, with Fay Thomas of Southern California correspondingly good on the other side of the pivot. Thomas is a demon on defense. He is not content with stopping plays on his own side of the line, but time and again breaks through and nabs line bucks which an ordinary tackle wouldn't even try to get. He is a consistent, hard-fighting, natural football player and has the snap and drive on offense to make him a very valuable man. Shipkey has all the attributes of Thomas, plus the additional good quality of being a great coverer of punts. He often beats the ends down the field and spills the safety man in his tracks.

Gene Shields of the University of Oregon and Walter Rau of California look best at left

N. J. FLATLEY

NICK J. FLATLEY, who, with the assistance of the three leading football authorities in the East, Middle West, and on the Pacific Coast, has compiled the All-American team, is a recognized football authority. Mr. Flatley has been writing football for a good many years. He knows all the players and coaches intimately, and is thoroughly competent to compile an All-American team from the selections made by the various experts. His selections are based on a careful analysis and comparison of the ability of each named as the representative player at his position in each section. The All-American team is not guaranteed against all criticism, but considering the individual excellence of its men and their long experience, it would be a difficult team to beat.

and right guards, respectively. Shields, burly and powerful, is at the same time very fast. He pulls out of the line well to get into the interference on end runs and can hold his own with anybody on defense. An appendicitis operation kept Rau out of the game some, but he has remarkable ability, showed it in the games he played, and deserves a position on this team. He is very fast, though he weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, and he runs interference and clips beautifully. He is immovable on defense.

"Babe" Horrell of California is in a class by himself at center. He never makes a bad pass. He uses a spiral pass that goes back like a bullet on punt formation. He is a sure tackler, unusually fast, and sometimes he beats the ends down the field on punts. He is the greatest center ever seen on the Coast.

Stivers of Idaho, though not very big in stature, is a wonderful quarter back. He punts on an average of forty-five yards beyond his scrimmage line and is a real triple threat. He is able to run or pass equally well and besides, has fine judgment and runs his team splendidly.

"Tut" Imlay of California is another little man, but worth his weight in gold. It is uncanny to watch him catch punts with three or four men ready to grind him into the turf. He invariably breaks away for some kind of a run. He never drops a punt in the safety position, and is the best open-field runner seen on the Coast in years. He can tackle well, and though small, is a mighty good line bucker.

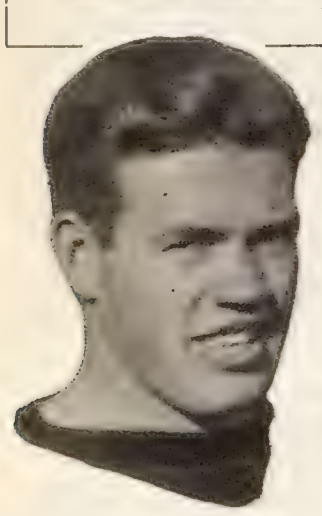
THE ALL-PACIFIC COAST TEAM

(Selected by "Brick" Muller)

PLAYER	POSITION	WT.
Vesser, *Idaho*	L. E.	175
Shipkey, *Leland Stanford*	L. T.	179
Shields, *Oregon*	L. G.	192
Horrell, *California*	Center	185
Rau, *California*	R. G.	190
Thomas, *Southern California*	R. T.	180
Huber, *California*	R. E.	178
Stivers, *Idaho*	Q. B.	145
Imlay, *California*	L. H.	155
Wilson, *Washington*	R. H.	180
Young, *California*	F. B.	178

Average weight of the line, 182 5-7 pounds; backfield, 164½ pounds.

HAROLD "BRICK" MULLER played end for the University of California in '20, '21, and '22, and was known as one of the greatest pass throwers in the country. He was on the third All-American team in '20 and on the first in '21 and '22. He is now assistant coach at California.



HAROLD "BRICK" MULLER

"Gee" Wilson of the University of Washington is a tower of strength, an ideal fellow half back for Imlay. Once "Gee" gets going it's a he-man's job to bring him down. He is a good forward passer and a great line bucker. Incidentally, he's one of the best men in the section on defense work.

Young of the University of California is the best bet for a full back. He's hefty and fast and hits the line like a ton of bricks. He's a demon at backing up, and wonderfully keen at diagnosing plays.

There may be some better men than those mentioned, probably are, but this particular eleven, with a few days to get acquainted with each other, could step out and take on the "All" team from any other corner, and have an even chance of collecting the verdict.

THE ALL-EASTERN TEAM

BY EDDIE MAHAN

Harvard's Famous Half Back; Present Backfield Coach

THE greatest football season the East has known was marked by a wealth of fine backfield men, very few good quarters, some great ends, and generally mediocre line material. Selecting an "all" team in a section where so many brands of football are played cannot be done without slighting some stars. The team we have chosen, however, seems to be the best that could be named from the East, taking into consideration power, skill, experience, and general efficiency.

The team has a great offensive threat. The backs could attempt the straight plunging game or the off-tackle drive equally well. They could resort to a wide open passing game, too, with an extremely clever pair of ends, who could handle the heaves to perfection.

At the kicking game, a great part of modern offensive football, this eleven would be hard to beat. Darling is one of the best punters the East has boasted for years. He gets great distance and remarkable accuracy. Hall did the brunt of the Dartmouth kicking and helped that team establish a pretentious record. Hazel can punt much better than most and is one of the best field and goal booters in the country.

With all this offensive stuff directed by Pease, the heady Columbia quarter back, the team could successfully stage any variety of attack.

The big, quick, charging line, flanked by a really great pair of ends, would halt any running assault. Garbisch, fast Army center, could be pulled out of the line to play a roving game against any team that utilized passes or wide shots at the ends.

Pease and Hall, both dandy open-field runners and good punt catchers, would raise whack with any enemy's kicking game, while Darling and Hazel have very few equals backing up a defensive line.

Hilary Mahaney, Holy Cross captain, is the nearest thing to Tom Shevlin as an end that modern football has known. Weighing two hundred pounds, he's as agile as a cat and as fleet as a sprinter. He can knock the other tackles out of a play and keep right on to spill the secondaries. Trucks could ride through the holes he makes. A good end's real value is on the offensive, and none has been much better than this same Mahaney. Bjorkman of Dartmouth gets across the line of scrimmage extremely fast and snarls up the other offensive before it gets started. He is very fast down the field and a wicked tackler, as is Mahaney.

THE ALL-EASTERN TEAM

(Selected by "Eddie" Mahan)

PLAYER	POSITION	WT.
Bjorkman, *Dartmouth*	L. E.	167
Kearney, *Cornell*	L. T.	185
Diehl, *Dartmouth*	L. G.	205
Garbisch, *Army*	Center	185
Hills, *Princeton*	R. G.	204
Beattie, *Princeton*	R. T.	202
Mahaney, *Holy Cross*	R. E.	200
Pease, *Columbia*	Q. B.	164
Hall, *Dartmouth*	L. H.	162
Darling, *Boston College*	R. H.	183
Hazel, *Rutgers*	F. B.	190

Average weight of the line, 192 4-7 pounds; backfield, 174¾ pounds.

EDDIE MAHAN was half back on the Harvard team in '13, '14, and '15, being captain in his last year. He was picked as All-American half back in '14 and '15. He helped to beat Yale three times—15 to 5 in '13, 36 to 0 the next year, and 41 to 0, the worst defeat ever recorded in the Big Three series. He is at present coach of the backfield in Harvard football and head coach in baseball. He was one of the greatest half backs of all time, the only others comparable being Heston of Michigan, Thorpe of the Carlisle Indians, and Coy of Yale. He also was known as the greatest pass catcher of his day. He has coached football at Boston College and the University of California also.

"EDDIE" MAHAN
Photo © Int.

The tackles, Beattie of Princeton and Kearney of Cornell, are towers of strength defensively and splendid in helping the attack. Both run well in interference when coming out of the line on off-tackle plays and both have powerful straight ahead charges. They are a fast pair down the field as well.

Diehl of Dartmouth and Hills of Princeton are the two best guards that showed during the campaign. Diehl often sliced through and nailed runners behind their own line and was adept at breaking in and hurrying the kicker. He has several blocks to his credit. Hills, a mountain of a man, is so powerful that he's practically impregnable on defense. He has consistently been able to clean up his job on the line of scrimmage offensively, and then go ahead and cause the secondary great trouble.

Garbisch would be captain of the defense. He's a wonder at diagnosing the opponents' offense, and seems to be in the core of every play. He's an accurate passer and would be among the first down the field to cover Darling's long spirals.

All three backs are triple threats, being able to run, kick, and pass with equal proficiency. Hall is a hard-running back of the shifty variety. Hazel and Darling are of the bruising type which wears down enemy defenses with bull-like rushes. After getting beyond the line of scrimmage all are clever in the open field. With Hall and Darling prowling back of the line of defense, opponents' forward passes would be boomerangs. The pair would score more touchdowns on enemy heaves than said enemies.

Pease of Columbia, a skillful pilot and able ball carrier incidentally, would be used principally to direct the powerful attack placed in his hands. He is a cagey, shrewd general, quick to size up opponents' weaknesses and able to make the most of the material at his command.

Summing up, this team would be strong in all departments, offensive and defensive, and would have the ruggedness to take anything the enemy sent and give back as much and probably a little more.

THE END

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!
Hurry! Give Constipated Child
"California Fig Syrup"

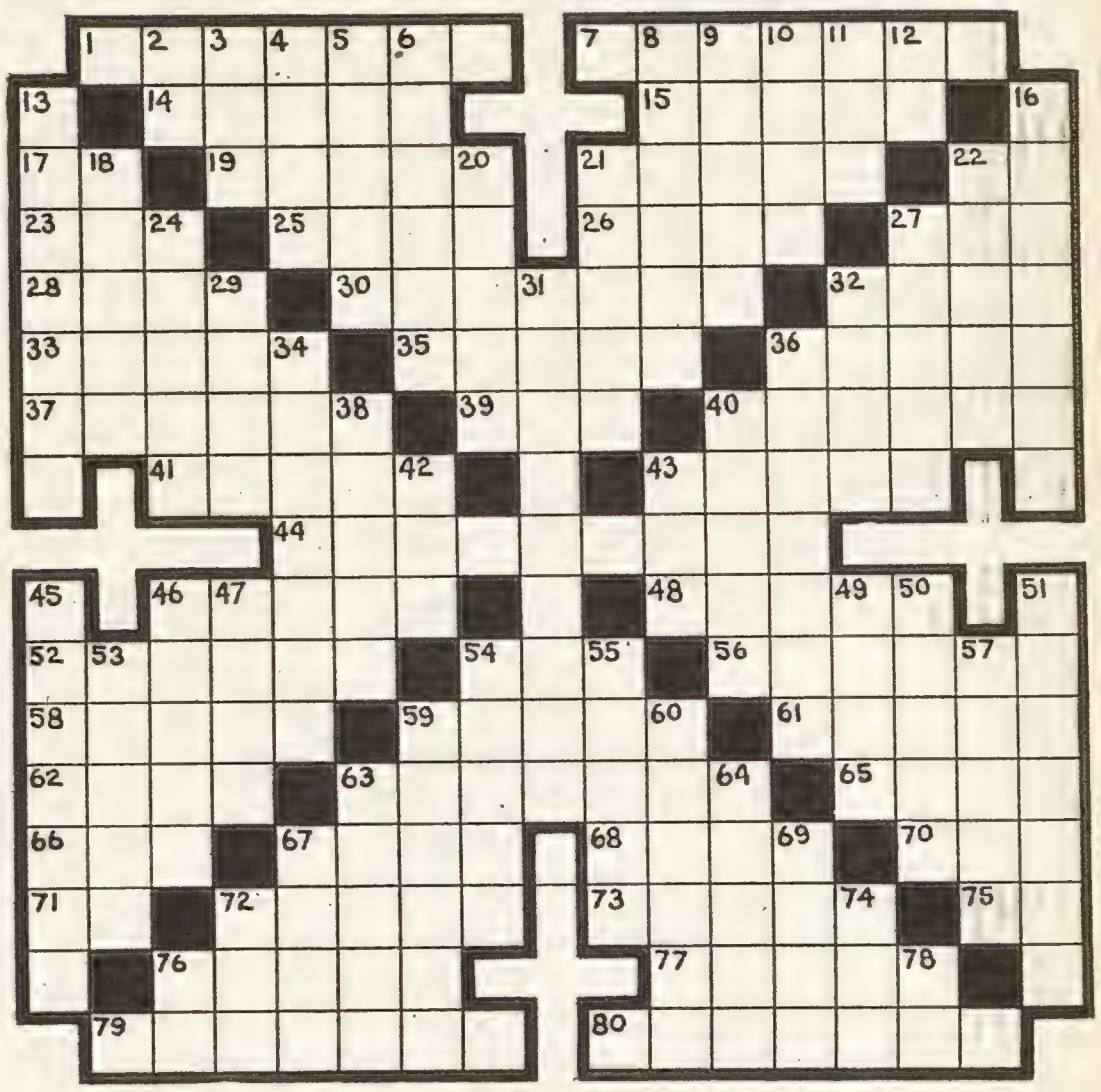
Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

LIBERTY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 7

HERE is a Christmas puzzle with four little crosses and a few Christmas words. For a Christmas present we are going to give you the answer to No. 1 Horizontal, which you might have a hard time guessing. The definition says, "Soft stork feathers used for trimming hats and dresses." What nicer Christmas present than "marabou"? No. 3 Vertical begins with the third letter in "marabou" and is defined as "fragment of cloth." The answer is "rag."

Don't send in your solutions, but watch for the correct answer in next week's Liberty.

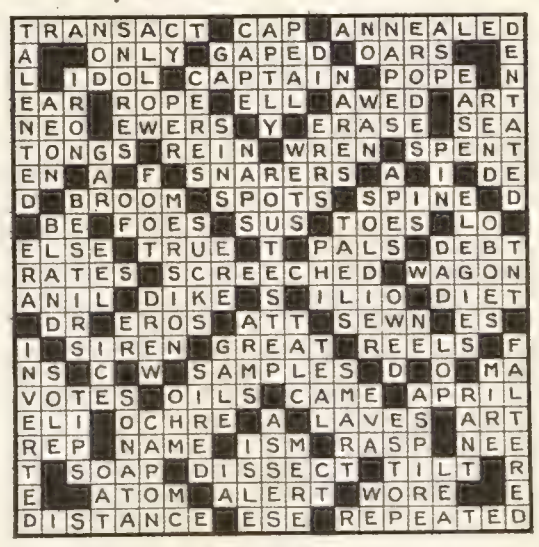


HORIZONTAL

1 Soft stork feathers used for trimming hats and dresses
7 Made unfit for use
14 Pertaining to nativity
15 Veins of ore
17 The birthplace of Abraham
19 Pierced
21 Torn down
22 Initials of the "Crescent City"
23 A cooking vessel
25 Possessed of limited means
26 A separate article
27 To stuff
28 Sharp to the taste
30 Delicate gradations
32 Female equine quadruped
33 Possessing neither action nor resistance
35 A certain quantity of yarn
36 Studies carefully
37 Declare
39 Immeasurable period of time
40 Most painful
41 Remained in place
43 To cut or tear into pieces
44 Foreseeing or foretelling events
46 Fixed value
48 Clips, as with scissors
52 To fertilize
54 Consumed
56 Speaks with contempt
58 Sea mammal [plural]
59 An article of food
61 Projecting edges of a roof
62 To satisfy to repletion
63 Raised with tackle
65 Combining form: From a distance
66 Wrath
67 Structural unit of animal and plant life
68 A Mohammedan noble
70 Style of a vessel's masts and sails
71 While
72 Parts played by actors
73 Wanders
75 Medical abbreviation for carcinoma
76 To gratify by compliance
77 General purport
79 Member of a particular legislative body
80 Expressive position or motion of the body

VERTICAL

2 Indefinite article
3 Fragment of cloth
4 At the highest point
5 A nobleman
6 Of the nature of oil [combining form for adjectives]
8 Feed roller of a typewriter
9 Seeps
10 The same as above [Lat.]
11 Guided
12 East side [abbrev.]
13 Pertaining to marriage
16 Absence of presumption
18 Horses of a particular color
20 A male fowl
21 Poisonous protein of the castor oil bean [chemical]
22 Nostrils
24 A curl or braid of hair
27 Peeled
29 Allowance for waste
31 New converts
32 Additional
34 Hot sections of the earth
36 Pertaining to swine
38 Illuminating or igniting device
40 Large bone of the leg [plural]
42 A deer
43 Thoroughfares [abbrev.]
45 The expected deliverer of the Hebrews
46 To talk idly
47 To irritate
49 A kind of fuel
50 To cut off or cut apart
51 A weapon used by African natives
53 Approaches
54 Covering of a seed [plural]
55 One who consumes
57 A memorial
59 A Spanish dance
60 To reduce in rank
63 Slave among the ancient Spartans
64 Disreputable resorts
67 Profound state of insensibility
69 Torn asunder
72 A number of copies printed at a time
74 A French coin
76 That man
78 A public carrier [abbrev.]



TRANSACT CAP ANNEALED
A ONLY GAPED OARS E
L IDOL CAPTAIN POPE N
EAR ROPE ELL AWED ART
NEO EWERS Y ERASE SEA
TONGS REIN WREN SPENT
EN A F SNARERS A I DE
D BROOM SPOTS SPINE D
BE FOES SUS TOES LO
ELSE TRUE T PALS DEBT
RATES SCREECHED WAGON
ANIL DIKE S ILIO DIET
DR EROS ATT SEWN ES
I SIREN GREAT REELS F
NS C W SAMPLES D O MA
VOTES OILS CAME APRIL
ELI OCHRE A LAVES ART
REP NAME ISM RASP NEE
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DISTANCE ESE REPEATED

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

UP *from* NICKEL KICKING

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Gaze at Izzy Baline, the Singing Waiter with the Coin-Covering Feet, and Then at Irving Berlin, 37, and the Author of More Than 300 Song Hits, Shows, and Also the Music Box Revues. They Are One and the Same Person. Here's a Truly Unusual Story of Success.

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

Irving Berlin, composer of Music Box Revues.

IT WAS plain to everybody in Nigger Mike's that Izzy Baline was going somewhere worth going to. Even the kid's fellow nickel kickers granted that he had something which was bound to sell on Broadway.

For example, if the ordinary singing waiter, cited above as a nickel kicker, were to incur the displeasure of the boss he would have to hustle for another place in ranks that were crowded. There were lots of waiters who could serve a party of eight with eight varieties of drinks, singing the while in tremulous tones of mother's breaking heart and not spill a drop, shuffle the order, or lose a nickel. To stand a little above such massed art one had to have a little something extra.

This Izzy Baline had. It excused him for reporting late now and then. Nigger Mike Salter was less fiery when Izzy upset a tray or bathed a guest with beer. Why not? Weren't Scotty Lavelle, Paddy Mullins, now manager of Harry Wills, and Bull Kenny anxious to add the kid to their corps of nickel kickers in the Choo Choo Palace, the Chatham Club, the Bucket of Blood, Suicide Hall, and the Flea Bag?

But, until the moody Mr. Salter gave away one morning to a peculiarly abysmal depression and fired Izzy Baline for no other reason than to show the world how little he cared for it, Izzy Baline stuck to the Pelham Club, the Salter establishment. And then, to be quite general, the kid ceased to be Izzy Baline.

He went to Broadway to be Irving Berlin, and the conventional thing to do at this point would be to set down that as Irving Berlin he is just as much better than the other song writers as he was the superior of the Chinatown nickel kickers. Perhaps he is. However, you can suit yourself about that.

But certainly any man about to enter his thirty-seventh year of life with That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune, The Ragtime Violin, The International Rag, Alexander's Ragtime Band, When the Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabam, When I Leave the World Behind, Everybody's Doing It, My Wife's Gone to the Country, Lazy, and Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning to his credit, not to mention three hundred more, is to be conceded certain laurels not so profusely found in the possession of other composers of popular music.

If, one of these nights, you care to hear an echo, ever so faint, of the days that were on the Bowery, drop in upon Tom Noonan at the Midnight Mission in Doyers Street and perhaps he will call upon Joe Judge, Jubal Sweet, or Philadelphia Mary for a bit of testimony.

Jubal Sweet used to be a professional horrible example: that is, such astute business men as Chuck Connors, for example, having in tow a platoon of wide-eyed ladies and gentlemen from the more conventional precincts of uptown — slumming parties, in short — would stake Jubal to the price of a thoroughgoing spree that he might be an unlovely but impressive sight in any one of the lower Bowery resorts when the tourists should arrive.

Jubal has reformed. He was at the top of his profession when Izzy Baline left off selling newspapers and took to singing and serv-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Izzy Baline, the singing waiter of New York's Bowery, in Nigger Mike Salter's saloon.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

ing in the Pelham, which was but a step away from the Midnight Mission.

"Like it was yesterday," says Jubal, "I remember Oiving Berlin. Looked like a meal or two wouldn't hurt him. Wasn't strong and didn't look like he would get away with a nickel or a dime that one of the other guys claimed. But there was a waiter named Butch or Kutch or something. A big guy with a foot on him like a crate. Kick a nickel? Lemme tell you when this Butch tapped a nickel with his foot it was a licked nickel—see?

"And this here Butch sorta took to the kid and seen to it that nobody stuck nothing over on Oiving. Butch taught Oiving how to kick 'em. Ya see, why we called them nickel kickers was because they had to gather in the nickels with their feet while they was singing. Say Butch was singing and the customers would begin to shower down. Nickels and dimes a-plenty and maybe—if they was a swell crowd on hand—quarters.

"Now, a singing waiter couldn't be stooping over every time a coin hit the floor. Spoil his song, like—see? No, he'd keep moving around easy, singing all the time, and every time a nickel would drop he'd put his toe on it and kick it or nurse it along to a certain spot. When he was done he had all the jack in a pile—see? Butch had a foot on him like a long distance telephone call. Let a nickel drop and flip! Butch'd have it in his pile.

"Oiving got to be pretty good at it, only he wasn't so casual like Butch. Nervous like, and he had a neat flip to the ankle. Like you'd brush a speck offa the table with your fingers.

"I was in Nigger Mike's place the night Oiving first sang Dorando. That was the night Big Hearted Johnny Gallagher was shot between the eyes and——"

But, as much as we dislike to, we must stop the willing mouth of Jubal Sweet and devote our space to Irving Berlin. It is not clear from what source came Berlin's genius, but there it is as plainly to be seen as the sun or the moon.

MOSES AND LENA BALINE, entirely surrounded by their frightened brood, arrived in America from Russia in 1893. Izzy was five years old, and if that day when the Balines set their feet upon the Battery pavement was a typical one he was but one small Izzy in the hundreds to be noisily gulped by New York to await the results of digestion.

It is not recorded that great physical adventure claimed him. It is not in the annals of Hester Street that Izzy Baline ever came to the surface at all in the juvenility of the lower East Side of Manhattan. As a newsboy he was not the reverberating success that was One-Eye Connolly, let us say, or Jack Sullivan, born Goldblat.

Selling newspapers was more of a rough and tumble business in those days. Today organization has infested newspaper vending as it has gasoline dispensing and rum running. When Izzy Baline sold newspapers a good corner was retained only by him whose hands carried dynamite wallops.

Izzy was no slugger. True, he was the artist and no match for the unimaginative merchandiser whose dreams went no farther than the day's financial returns. Let a hurdy-gurdy or a German band happen into the block where Izzy Baline offered his journalistic wares and the trade could go to pot while Izzy listened to the clanking of the Miserere and the umpahing of *Ach du lieber Augustin!* Not of such temperament is the successful newsboy possessed.

In those days that block on the lower Bowery which produced fewer than six saloons was looked upon with suspicion. Something dead or even more offending about it. To become a singing waiter in the Pelham or the Choo Choo or the Hester Club was not a matter of merely applying for the job and getting it. Youth with such lofty ambition in mind was required to serve a hard apprenticeship.

Such artists were usually recruited from the sawdust divers or penny Ikes, which is to say the lads of fifteen or so who went from saloon to saloon at night, singing for what the gods might bestow. This, too, was a hard trade. Let a quartet of lusty minstrels troup the Bowery and they'd sing in close harmony for such pennies or nickels the alcohol hunters might fling them and then wait outside and relieve independent soloists of such coins as they might have won with their ballads.

IZZY BALINE was a soloist, but a canny one. He was just enough better than his competitors to be a pretty consistent winner in the general onslaught upon the ears of the Bowery.

His apprenticeship was brief. As soon as he could swing a tray of lager he was taken into the devoted circle of first class nickel kickers. For five years he was one of the standard attractions of the Pelham Club.

If you would know Irving Berlin you must study his music. It is not necessary that you yourself be a musician in order to do this. Lately you have, perhaps, been crooning What'll I Do?—a dolorous, plaintive melody for six saxophones, a small dance floor, and a quart of synthetic gin. He wrote it. Carefully listen to it and mark its lament. Then turn back to Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares, and When I Lost You. And then to his less mournful Ragtime Violin, Alexander's Ragtime Band, and When the Choo Choo Leaves for Alabam.

Consider them. Through all of them run that subdued tone, that pathos actual and pathos suggested and that obvious yearning which must be uppermost in the mind of Berlin. To meet him, speak with him, and study him is to understand that he is, all in all, what his music suggests.

It was not in Nigger Mike Salter's place that he picked out of the piano the simple tune of his first success, but in a back room near by. There was there what had been a piano, and the proprietor of the place had no objection to permitting this kid from the Pelham Club to assault the tin pan with his index fingers.

"Sure, go on ahead. Give us a tune."

But he was to be sorely disappointed. Izzy Baline could neither read music nor the keyboard. All that he had was an idea, an association of words and a tune theme which was clear enough in his mind but not so enthralling when Izzy tried to play it. He has learned to read music and has memorized the keyboard since.

"Rotten!" commented the owner of the relic as Berlin tunked and tinked and hummed in his painful composing.

But before night came and the yellow lights of the Pelham Club bathed the lithographs of Peter Maher, Gentleman Jim Corbett, Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Pedlar Palmer, Terry McGovern, and the Anheuser-Busch woman, Izzy Baline not only had the tune constructed, but he had taught it to Buck Creedon, Nigger Mike's pianist. Taught it? Buck didn't need to be taught any tune. Give him the mere shred of an idea of the air and he could improvise and follow and vamp and stall and—well, Buck was one of the best of the Bowery professors.

And that night Izzy gave them Dorando.

In the preceding year Dorando, an Italian baker from Sicily, had won the Olympic Marathon and his fame was great. Having won his ephemeral crown, he followed the precedents and came to America to exhibit his speed. Nigger Mike's place was a gathering ground for many Italians, who barbered by day and interviewed the bookmakers at night—lathering sports whose bets made bucketshop customers seem sane.

Dorando was to run against the Indian, Tom Longboat, in Madison Square Garden. He ran. Irving's song had it that "he run, he run, he run like ever't'ing." Dorando was still running when Tom Longboat had finished, and a thousand barber shops changed hands. There was weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth in Nigger Mike's. Just one person in the Pelham Club derived joy—Irving Berlin. Gooda-bye Ba-a-a-r-r-rber Shop.

That song started him toward Broadway. Henry Waterson, then, as now, a successful music publisher, heard Irving sing it and suggested that the nickel kicker leave Chinatown. He would make a great song writer of him; get him into a publishing house. The result was the formation of the firm of Waterson, Berlin and Snyder, from which Berlin withdrew in 1918.

Soon after Dorando, Strauss' opera, Salome, was introduced to America with Mary Garden proposing to do overflowing justice to the dancing star.

"What will you wear?" the reporters asked Garden.

"Let me see," she pondered. "Ah, yes! An emerald."

Philadelphia, Boston, and even New York protested. Salome was sung and by Garden, but the emerald was accompanied by other wearing apparel. At any rate, the country went Salome, so to speak, and, as Berlin wrote later, everybody was doing it. Even Sadie. And Sadie's father happened in while she was at her worst. Thus from the Berlin mind came Sadie Salome, Go Home—the bitter protest of Sadie's outraged father. Joe Welsh sang it to such effect that more than three hundred thousand copies of it were sold.

IT was on a particularly salubrious morning some weeks later that Berlin met George Whiting in a barber shop. Irving was gloomy but Whiting was in rather good spirits. The Berlin gloom was traceable to the failure of his mind to produce a song idea which, it seems, was in urgent demand.

"You look as if somebody had been paying you money," was Berlin's comment upon the Whiting cheeriness.

"My wife's gone to the country," explained Whiting.

"Hooray! Hooray!" said Berlin, brightening up on general principles.

And thus was born a song which ranks among the best sellers.

Of his later successes it is hardly worth while to go into details. For such intelligence, see your daily newspaper. Among the musical comedies and revues to his credit are Watch Your Step, Stop, Look and Listen, Follow the Crowd, The Century Girl (with Victor Herbert), Ziegfeld's Follies (1918 and 1919 editions), and The Canary (with Ivan Caryll).

He is the genius of the Music Box Revues, out of which have come tunes which you may dance to in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Leningrad.

And he is on the verge of becoming thirty-seven.

THE END

LIBERTY'S

$1,000 Capital Punishment Essay Contest

Is Won by the Daughter of a Murderer

The Most Amazing Essay Which Won the $1,000 Prize

IN ANNOUNCING the winner of the $1,000 Essay Contest, based upon the outcome of the trial of Leopold and Loeb, Liberty publishes below the most astonishing document which has ever come to the Editors' attention.

The essay is an argument in favor of the infliction of the death penalty, written by a woman whose mother was murdered by her (the writer's) father.

The statements set forth in the essay have been verified. Both the woman and her father are living in New England.

The essay follows. Particulars concerning the contest, and Liberty's investigation of the prize winner's story, are printed below.

ESSAYS,

Care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

In answer to "Should Capital Punishment" be abolished or not, I say *no*.

The reason I say no is because I come from a state where there is know capital punishment, and I am the daughter (to my sorrow) of a man that should have gotten either the chair or the noose.

Twenty-five years ago, my mother, then only twenty-two years of age, was murdered by my father.

He was sentenced to life imprisonment. After being in prison for twenty-four years he was pardoned.

This all happened in the State of Rhode Island, where there is know capital punishment.

When he was released my father-in-law insisted that I take him into my home. Hating my father as I do I did not want to, but to please the old man, I said I would try him out and see how he behaved.

Being in prison that length of time did him know good whatever.

He thinks nothing of going back there. He talks of prison as another would of a palace. The first two years of his sentence were the hardest; after that it was nothing.

When he first came to my house he couldn't understand why we don't run gambling houses or go into the bootlegging game. First thing he did was get hold of some moonshine and go from house to house and try to sell it; all he talks about is sticking up, meaning a hold-up. One day he met a cronie of his that was in prison with him for a hold-up. He wanted this man to rob his (my father's) cousin's place of business, telling him that he would give him the plan of the office and they would divide fifty-fifty. He came into the house and told us this, telling us that the man refused to do it as he got married and was through with that life forever: then he said to us why do you suppose I wanted to get out. If I could get my cousin in R. I. state or some other state I would finish him up as he did something to me when I was younger and I would like to have my revenge but in this state you get the chair and I don't care for that.

When I said something to him about it he struck me and I at once put him out of my house.

Wouldn't a man like that be better off had he been put out of the way at once? He is a menace to society. Nobody has anything to do with him.

His brother went to a distant state and had his name changed as soon as my father commit the murder. My brother and I don't notice him on the street when passing by.

The crime was know accident.

It was all planned out the same as the Loeb-Leopold case.

He did not hesitate leaving two small children aged two and three.

If there had been capital punishment in the State of R. I. he would not have commit this crime, as he loves his own life dearly.

He is well and strong to-day, thinking of what crooked thing to do next.

My poor young mother went to her early grave, leaving her motherless children in the care of a poor old grandmother.

Keep up the capital punishment and save young lives as lots of criminals have a fear of it.

Every state should adopt capital punishment and not do away with it.

My story can be proved. In case this story should be printed please just use initials or sign Jean La Belle.

Contestants Oppose Death Penalty by Almost 3 to 1

"SHOULD Capital Punishment Be Abolished?"

The readers of Liberty have answered overwhelmingly, "YES."

If the contest which Liberty has just conducted may be accepted as a reliable index of public sentiment—as there seems no reason to doubt—about three-quarters of the people of the United States are opposed to punishing criminals with death.

This assumption stands in curious contrast to the fact that capital punishment prevails in all the States of the Union except Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, and Wisconsin.

Five thousand and eighty-five persons submitted essays in Liberty's $1,000 contest for the best argument (either pro or con) upon the question.

Abolition of the death penalty was favored by 3,709 contestants and opposed by 1,376.

As might have been expected, men, in general, exhibited less antipathy to the infliction

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Federal Bumper
Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Besides the Federal Metropolitan Bumper and Fender Guards illustrated above, the Federal Line includes Bumpers and rear Fender Guards of the double oil-tempered spring bar type.

Flashing Beauty—the polished nickel embossed ribs are distinctively set off by the rich luster of the satin black finish of the balance of the bumper. A new rich effect is produced.

That the Federal is not just another bumper is evidenced by the pronounced impression it has made since first exhibited at the New York Automobile Show last January.

It is an entirely advanced type—a revolutionary improvement, harmonizing in design with motor car construction.

Rear Fender Guards to Match

They are eight inches deep with the same typical Federal embossed ribs—the whole structure conforming to the heavy appearance of the long skirted rear fenders.

Federal-Agate Stop Signals prevent rear end collisions. Made of cast aluminum they never rust. New 1925 model—$3.50 at your dealer. For Christmas, packed in holly boxes.

FEDERAL PRESSED STEEL CO.
Jobbing Division
360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Factory: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FEDERAL BUMPERS

FEDERAL PRESSED STEEL CO.
360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Please forward copy of Federal Bumper Catalog No. 11 and pamphlet on Federal-Agate Stop Signals.

_____

_____

Mail one Federal-Agate Stop Signal to the above address—for which we will pay postman $3.50.

of the ultimate penalty than did women. Men who entered the contest numbered 3,656, of whom 2,534 were opposed to capital punishment and 1,122 defended it. The 1,429 women contestants were divided, 254 in favor of the death penalty and 1,175 against it.

Thus it appears that the winner was picked from the minority. Yet, among all the 5,000 no essay, in the judges' opinion, spoke with such clarity, brevity, and authority as that to which the prize was awarded. The authenticity of the facts set forth has been verified from several sources, including the police records of the city in which the murder was committed, and the records of the penitentiary from which the writer's father was paroled.

As requested in the essay, the writer's identity is suppressed. "Mrs. ———— is the mother of three bright children," the investigator for Liberty reports. "Her husband has been ill for the last two years, and recently spent six months in a hospital, undergoing three operations.

"Mrs. ———— wrote the contest story 'more to tell somebody how she felt about it' than in expectation of a prize," she told me. "Her husband, incidentally, had bet that she would not win anything, and is mournful over the fact that he will have to buy her a box of chocolates in settlement of the wager."

Liberty's contest was launched when the Leopold and Loeb case was on the tip of everybody's tongue. It was inspired by the unique defense interposed in the young men's behalf. Though Leopold and Loeb admittedly were not insane, their counsel maintained that they were yet infirm enough mentally not to justify the state in exacting the death penalty for their crime.

Their subsequent sentence to life imprisonment stirred a whirlwind of comment; and many persons contended, with at least a show of logic, that, since Leopold and Loeb had escaped with their lives, the death penalty might as well be stricken from the statutes.

Both Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold Jr. are the sons of rich and socially prominent Chicago families. Their offense consisted of kidnaping and slaying fourteen-year-old Bobby Franks.

An indication of the interest manifested in Liberty's contest is afforded by the widely dissimilar occupations and evident social positions of the contestants. Persons from all walks of life entered the contest, and brought to the presentation of the argument's task of essay writing a wide variety of educational equipments.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes, head of Sing Sing Penitentiary at Ossining, New York, and Dr. Amos O. Square, first physician at Sing Sing, both entered essays strongly advocating the immediate abolition of capital punishment.

The wife of a former prison warden, writing from a small city in Nevada, earnestly insisted upon the same course, saying that she had been a partial participant in two executions and had "witnessed the terrific strain on her husband."

One ex-convict in Madison, Wisconsin, and another in Kansas City, Missouri, likewise advocated the abolition of the death penalty, but were opposed, oddly, by an inmate of the state penitentiary at Windsor, Vermont. The latter, who said he himself had stood in peril of the electric chair, declared few criminals either repented or reformed, and capital punishment represented society's principal safeguard. He suggested that the convicted murderer be given the choice between death or life imprisonment without the chance of either parole or pardon.

On the other hand, a life prisoner in the Nebraska Penitentiary, pleaded for the abolition of capital punishment, on the grounds that it was ineffective in deterring crime.

The brother of a murdered man suggested that the law might be changed to make the infliction of the death penalty optional with the families of the murdered persons, while a woman, who said her father had been murdered, came out flatly for life penalties.

Witnesses to twenty executions in all entered Liberty's contest and were unanimously opposed to capital punishment. Two judges submitted essays, one favoring and one decrying the doctrine of an "eye for an eye." A solitary undertaker wrote he would rather the death penalty were retained.

Another oddity was revealed in the essays submitted by policemen. Six such essays were received, and included an inspector, and a lieutenant of police, a chief of detectives, and several patrolmen. Only one of this number advocated the death penalty's retention.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Pass to Heaven

Patricia, daughter of a railroad man, was told by her older sister that she would not go to Heaven if she were not a good girl. Her answer was: "'Es, I will; papa get me pass."—F. M. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

He Found It

One day the doorbell rang and my aunt sent her little boy to the door. Soon he returned alone. "Who was it?" she asked. "It was a man looking for the wrong place," was the reply.—A. J. C., South Boston, Mass.

* * *

He'd Forgotten It

Unfortunately, too much sympathy had been given Billy when he stubbed his toe. The tears were still coursing down his cheeks, when, after a minute or two, he sobbed, "Oh, mamma, which one was it?"—L. P., Richmond, Va.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 47

A crackling streak of incandescent chain lightning splits the darkness before you and fairly stops your circulation.

Dr. Adolph J. Snow, the author of this article, is one of the best known industrial psychologists in the United States. Besides being identified with a number of large corporations, including the National Association of Taxicab Owners, Doctor Snow is the author of two textbooks on psychology and is a professor at Northwestern University.

HOW Do You Behave in an Emergency? Are You Slow, Erratic, or Paralyzed? If So, You Are Likely to Act the Same Way in a Motoring Crisis, Says This Eminent Psychologist, Who Has Tested the Nerve of Hundreds of Taxi Drivers

By DR. ADOLPH J. SNOW

DO NOT imagine because you are highly intelligent or have a university degree you are the better fitted to drive an automobile.

Intelligence, in the popular conception of the word, and education, as the term is ordinarily used, have very little to do with motoring.

Fair judgment is all that is needed. You require only the intelligence necessary to learn manipulation of the various parts of the machine, the traffic rules, and the streets of a city. Sufficient education to read ordinary English and understand plain talk is all you need.

Rather than intelligence and education, you should possess, for motoring, two other qualities, which will be described. The precise degree in which you have these cannot be ascertained by anyone but a trained psychologist. There are, however, certain indications by which the layman may form a partial judgment as to whether he has them. Cross-examine yourself fairly (*fairly*, remember) by means of the following questions:

Are you in the habit of—

Leaving loaded weapons where children *might* find them, or

Leaving valuable articles where they *might* be stolen, or

Crossing the street without looking to see what is coming, or

Failing to take an umbrella when it looks to you as though it *might* rain, or

Playing practical jokes which *might* cause injury, or

Doing anything else that indicates disregard of ordinary precautions?

Then there is plenty of room for doubt whether you are a safe person to trust with an automobile. People who are habitually careless in one thing tend that way in all things, psychology has shown.

Proper *training* can sometimes cure carelessness.

Truthful and accurate answers to a second series of questions, given below, will furnish an index to your fear-time reaction:

If you—

Gaze helpless and terror-stricken at a person who suddenly threatens you, instead of springing to instant action, or

Rush excitedly about and get in everybody's way when there is a sudden upheaval in the home, or

Go into hysterics at the appearance of something repulsive—like a snake, a rat, a lizard, a dead body—or

Stare stupidly, in bewilderment, when some crisis impends, unable to take the obvious method of averting it,—

Then there is a great deal of doubt whether your nervous system is built along lines which will permit you to handle a motor vehicle with safety to yourself, your passengers, or the public. If you react slowly or erratically to ordinary emergencies, you are quite likely to react in the same way in a crisis while motoring.

And this failing cannot be corrected by any method now known to science.

FOR the better part of a year the National Association of Taxicab Owners has been expending a great deal of effort, in Chicago, to ascertain those personal qualities which seem to make for good automobile driving, and those which seem inimical to it. Under my direction, tests have been performed upon thousands of taxicab chauffeurs, both experienced and inexperienced.

The results have shown that it is possible to judge, beforehand, whether any person is likely

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

to make a safe and trustworthy driver, or whether he will have one smash after another.

As a preliminary to suitable formulative tests, I obtained a position as a taxicab driver and, myself, hustled for fares and tips for a few weeks. My purpose was to study the driver's job—the pleasant and unpleasant features of it, the dangers, the rewards, and especially the attitude of the chauffeurs and their methods of meeting emergencies.

The result of this investigation convinced me of several things which I felt sure, up to that time, were unknown to the motoring public.

For one thing, I learned that education has practically no bearing upon one's ability to drive a car. Some of the best chauffeurs I encountered could read and write, but not much more.

My investigation convinced me, of course, that habitual carefulness was a most necessary attribute—and one usually overlooked in hiring drivers. Also, that the driver whose muscles did not react quickly to an emergency was a menace both to his passengers and the public at large.

TO test these theories the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago agreed that its five thousand chauffeurs might be examined.

Now, psychologists agree that the way to determine the qualifications necessary for any particular job is to test a great number of people who perform that job well, and see what attributes predominate.

If it transpired that the three qualities which my theory held essential for automobile driving were found in all the good drivers, and were absent from all the poor drivers, then I might call the theory correct.

Taxicab companies keep most careful track of the accidents their drivers get into.

We found by testing that some of the very best drivers—men who had served many years at the wheel without serious mishaps, and who had never been in trouble with the police or with passengers—won, on the whole, only moderate grades in the intelligence test. Some others won excellent grades. It was concluded, therefore, that high intelligence was not necessary for good driving.

It was discovered, however, that a man who got a poor grade in the caution test was certain to have a bad record in respect to accidents for which the chauffeur was responsible.

On the other hand, the men who won good grades in caution invariably had clean accident records. So we felt justified in declaring it established that caution was a requisite.

Suppose you were being examined for intelligence. Here are two typical questions, chosen from the many put to an applicant:

"Multiply 4 by 6, and if the product is less than 27 do not make a cross in this space——."

"If 7 and 19 are more than 30 write the day of the week here ——."

Translating an examination of this sort into everyday terms: If you have ordinary common sense your intelligence is adequate for automobile driving.

But, after you have finished this test, there is something more interesting in store.

Imagine yourself being led to a plain, flat table on which are arranged a dozen or so commonplace objects. There's a corked bottle labeled "gasoline." There's a red can with no cork, filled with liquid which smells redolently of "gas." There's a pasteboard box full of eggs, a lone egg, an electric bulb, a glass covered picture, a book, a pound sack of salt, a paper bag partly filled with flour, a cake of hand soap, a little bottle of oil, and several other things.

Besides the plain, flat table are three smaller tables of astonishing design. One has a leg missing, and the round top projects lopsidedly. A lighted candle stands on it. Another table is so small that it has

White Photo

"We'll time you while you remove the objects from the large table and put them on the small ones," you are told. Above—Dr. Adolph J. Snow

room for only a square pan, partly filled with water. The third table's legs are so wobbly that it lurches and upsets at the slighest touch.

"We'll time you while you remove the objects from the large table and put them on the small ones," you are told. "Transfer them just as you see fit."

Now, there are excellent reasons why the details of how this test works out cannot be discussed more fully here. It might be said, however, that the manner in which the person transfers the objects to the small tables, and the time he takes to do it in, reveal to a surprising degree whether or not he would make a safe and cautious driver. But I can discuss in detail a test of a different nature which will reveal your reaction when confronted by sudden danger. It is a thriller.

IMAGINE yourself being led to the door of a little cabinet, which you enter, to sit in an ordinary chair. Before you is a fearful and wonderful contraption on a table. Two huge electric coils and a big spark gap, back of heavy plate glass; a sign reading "Danger—25,000 volts"; a slanted board directly before you bearing some wires, binding posts, and little electric lights painted red; an electric contact key to the left, an electric switch to the right, two chilly looking glass tubes in front of your face, with high voltage wires projecting from them. On the floor are two big brass plates for your feet to rest on.

"Hold down this key with your left hand," intones an assistant, sadly, through the doorway. "Put your left foot on the left brass plate. Put your right foot on the other one. With your right hand take these wires on the board before you and insert their loose ends in the binding posts as quickly as possible, tightening the set screws. If *anything unusual* happens before you get them all inserted, bring your right foot down on that pedal to the right of it, there on the floor, and turn the electric switch to the right of your right hand. Don't move prematurely or we'll know it."

With a look which plainly says, "Good-by, I'll meet you on the other shore," the assistant draws the door to, leaving you in Stygian blackness.

You begin to work with the little wires and binding posts. One is inserted. Two. Three. This isn't so bad, after all. Four. Fi—CRASH! BRRR-ZITCH-O-O-O ! ! !

A crackling streak of incandescent chain lightning splits the darkness before you, snaps your head back in fright, and fairly stops your circulation. As from a great distance, you can feel twin jets of electricity leap with the sputtering buzz of angry bees from the ends of nearby wires upon the backs of your two hands, making them jerk in a manner almost impossible of control. In every fiber of your body you are aware of a gorgeous electrical display, but if you can move a limb during the first few instants of it, you must have a heart of steel.

And this is just what the test is designed to show: whether a sudden and unexpected emergency renders you incapable of moving hand or foot for an appreciable time, or whether, in the face of the most terrifying crisis, you can still compel a muscle to do what you have been instructed.

While all this hurricane of sparks and crashes has been going on, the grinning assistant has been standing outside, with a stop watch in his hand. He threw the control that started the show, and he is measuring the time until a light tells him that you have stamped the pedal and turned the switch, as he told you.

If the light goes on within a second after the storm starts—fine. If you take two seconds or so to recover yourself—that is not really so bad. But if there is an appreciable time before you can collect yourself—four or five seconds—then your fear-time reaction is too slow.

It is no good to argue that you could do better as soon as you got used to the mechanism of a car and the usual problems of motoring. It is the unusual problems of motoring that will wreck you. The man with quick "fear-time" reaction can avoid them. The person who reacts slowly gets smashed.

Look back over your own motoring record and over your accident experience in other activities. If the survey is unfavorable, wouldn't it be better to quit now and give your driving into safer hands before you or your victim take a last motor ride in a car with a clanging gong and a white jacketed surgeon?

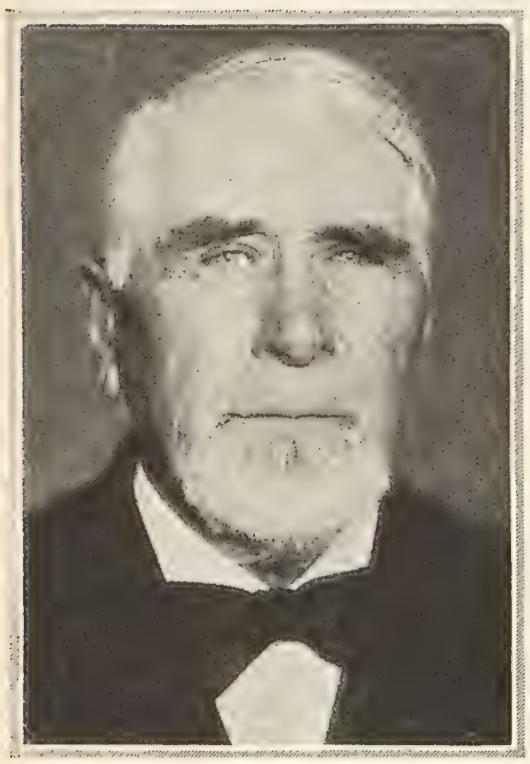
THE END

Eight Years
SKIPPER *of the* SENATE

By THOMAS R. MARSHALL

Vice President of the United States During the World War Period

Concluding Installment of a Notable Series Dealing with Problems and Personalities in Washington



Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota.

THE strange thing about the United States Senate is that the politics of it is separate and apart from its personality. There is one place where oil and water do mix. The angry passions of debate usually wind up by the contestants leaving arm in arm. If a man has a sense of humor he can get a world of enjoyment out of presiding over it.

The revision of the tariff was one of the first bills of any importance which came up after I was there, and the lines were sharply drawn between the old order and the new.

Save in one particular, everybody was for reducing the tariff on necessities and putting larger duties upon luxuries. But again there was debate interminable over the question, "What is a necessity and what is a luxury?"

There were two rare souls in the Senate at that time sitting on opposite sides of the chamber. One was the glorious and well beloved man, Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota—of foreign birth, a soldier in the Civil War, a lawyer of distinction. I never knew him to say or do anything which he did not believe to be for the best interests of his adopted country.

It may sound strange to reach such an opinion, from a Democrat. But among the other things which I gleaned in my eight years there was a conviction that not all wrong ideas were wrongly and corruptly entertained; that a perfectly good man could advocate what from my standpoint was an absolutely bad cause.

On the opposite side of the chamber was that large-hearted, lovable, and impulsive Senator from New Jersey—James Martine.

Now, here comes in what I conceive to be proof of my chameleon idea. Senator Knute Nelson was a stanch prohibitionist. He felt that the use of any intoxicant as a beverage weakened the morals and lowered the standard of men.

But from some doctor, whose name was never revealed, he had gathered that a man could keep himself fit for the discharge of his duties only by the use of chewing tobacco. Senator Nelson ruined more carpet when he was talking, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth, than was ever ruined by all of the footfalls of all the Senators agone.

Upon the other hand, Senator Martine had gathered that tobacco weakened the brain, deadened the moral sensibilities, and rendered a man wholly unfit, but some cadaver had disclosed the fact that alcohol entered into the make-up of every human being. Consequently Senator Martine was much in favor of declaring a necessity any beverage which contained alcohol, and, if he could not have tobacco declared a poison and prohibited, he, at least, was in favor of classing it among the luxuries.

For three hours the contest waged between these two men on the subject of which was a necessity and which a luxury—tobacco or whisky. Some collector of humor will in the future extract from the dead body of the Congressional Record this famous debate, and it will tickle the risibilities.

KEY PITTMAN of Nevada is not only a level-headed Senator but he also enjoys a joke. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, who was far and away the greatest publicist in that body, was not noted for his attention to details of masculine apparel.

James Hamilton Lewis was as much of a dandy in dress as he was in language. Both

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROSTRUM MARSHALLISMS

United States Senators are not gods.

There (the Senate) is one place where oil and water do mix.

There is nothing about a Senatorial toga that changes the intellectual concept of a man.

Suggestions from a Vice President do not have as much effect as a papyrus extracted from the tomb of King Tut.

A Vice President either is or is not big enough to be President.

As to fitting a man to carry on in the event of the President's death—this is utterly foolish. Houses built on dead men's bones crumble, and policies never issue from cadavers.

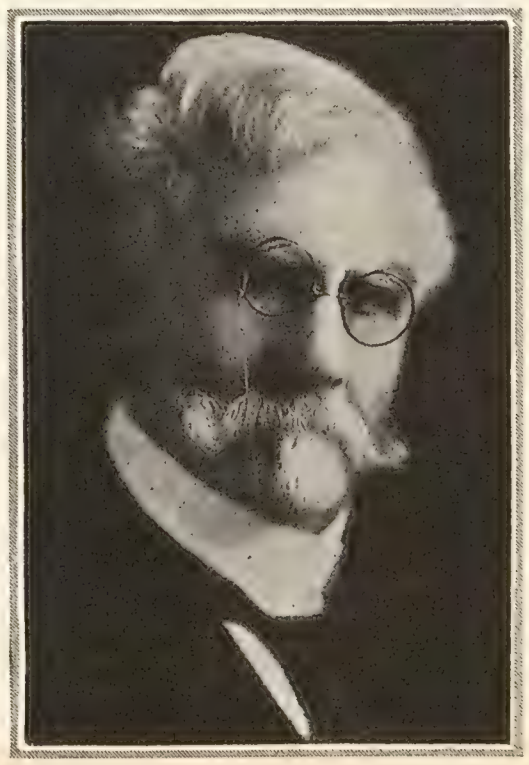
He (the Vice President) is the one man in American public life who can neither reward his friends nor punish his enemies.

The real value of the United States Senate is not what it accomplishes in the way of legislation. It is rather in what it prevents being crystallized into law.

Every presiding officer, after a few days' experience, is quite satisfied that he could reform the Senate procedure with great advantage to the people.

Those years taught me charity of judgment, and to be careful to charge no man with corruption until I caught him with the goods on his person.

I gleaned there a conviction that not all wrong ideas were wrongly and corruptly entertained; that a perfectly good man could advocate what from my standpoint was an absolutely bad case.



New Jersey's impulsive and large-hearted Senator, James E. Martine.
© Harris & Ewing.

Thomas Riley Marshall, ex-Vice President of the United States and "Skipper of the Senate."
© Underwood & Underwood.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

must be exactly accurate. His necktie and his socks were always of the same color.

That this was one of the requirements of ultra polite society, John Sharp Williams found out too late to prevent a joke at the hands of Pittman.

Pittman approached him one day at about two o'clock and said:

"Williams, I'll bet you the lunch for three I can tell you the color of Ham Lewis' socks."

Williams said, "Of course, you can—you have been around and looked at them."

Pittman replied, "No, I give you my word of honor I haven't seen them."

So the bet was made, and Pittman said the socks were blue.

The Senators walked over to Lewis, and John Sharp said, "Ham, show me your socks."

Lewis pulled up his trousers, and it was disclosed that the socks were blue, for Lewis had on a blue necktie that day. The next day the wager was repeated, and again Pittman won. Then John Sharp began to investigate the matter and discovered the dictum of good dressing.

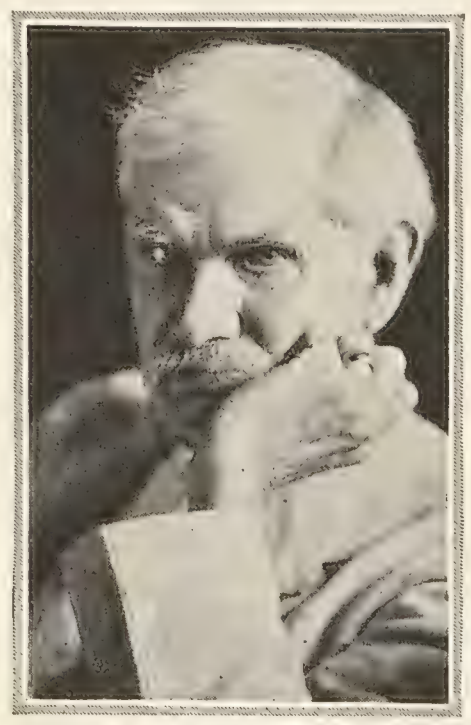
Pittman realized he was about to fall into a trap and arranged with Lewis on the next day not to wear the same color socks as his necktie. So when Williams offered to bet he could tell the color of Lewis' socks, Pittman had already arranged with Lewis to change the color.

When the bet was made, and it was discovered that Williams had lost, he reached the conclusion that he would better confine himself to matters of public moment and not to those of attire.

Senator Key Pittman of Nevada.

P. & A. Photo.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, whose sartorial get-up caused the bet between the two senators at his right and left.



© Underwood & Underwood.

Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi.

THERE was no sweeter character in the Senate when I came to it than Senator John D. Works of California. I have not the record at hand so as to state what particular measure was pending before the Senate, but I know it was something supposed to be of vital interest.

When Senator Works obtained the floor, he proceeded to read a defense and eulogy of the doctrines of Christian Science. Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina upon one occasion interrupted the proceedings by getting the floor and going through all the gymnastic exercises which, he said, would be sure to keep a man in perfect health and prolong his life.

The stranger watching these antics and noticing the slipshod way in which the business of the Senate is transacted would have no hesitancy in uttering words of condemnation.

But I soon learned that the real value of the United States Senate to the people of America is not what it accomplishes in the way of legislation. It is rather in what it prevents being crystallized into law.

There are so many men hanging around the outskirts of the Senate who are Mad Mullahs, preaching their religious crusade for this and that and the other thing, that unless there were the safety valve of unlimited debate and the power to filibuster, cluttered up as the statute books are now with all sorts of legislation, they would be infinitely worse. I doubt if anybody, in the long run, can show that the people were ever permanently injured by any filibuster in the Senate of the United States.

There is, however, in my judgment, a reform in the methods of doing business which would contribute to the peace of the presiding officer. The stranger in the gallery looking down upon half a dozen Senators assumes that the rest are loafers. This is not true. The Senator who is always in his seat is ordinarily of little moment in shaping legislation.

The work of the Senate is done in committee, and since there has been so great a trend toward centralization of power the burden of committee work has grown titanic. It is now needful for the committees to meet while the Senate is in session. That custom results in this irritation to the presiding officer: A Senator is discussing a measure. He has gone over the principal points in his argument, when another Senator drops in, interrupts him, makes an inquiry about a view which he has already elaborated. He then goes back and restates the view which he had hitherto expressed. About the time he gets this Senator informed as to his views another drops in, makes an inquiry, and he goes over the speech again. I have known this to happen as many as five times in one speech.

Suggestions from a Vice President do not have as much effect as would a papyrus extracted from the tomb of King Tut. He is the one man in public life who can neither reward his friends nor punish his enemies.

So my suggestion went unheeded. It was to the effect that there should be only three sessions of the Senate each week, at which all Senators in good health should be compelled to attend, and that the other three days should be given up exclusively to committee work. I am in hope this may come to pass some time.

Going into a Senate with an administration that proposed to awaken the people at midnight and tell them what it was doing—one that believed in the power of what is called public opinion—I, of course, believed that the executive sessions of the Senate of the United States should be abolished; that everything should be done in the open; that if a name was sent in for postmaster at Podunk, any Senator had the right, and it was his duty, to herald all over the country that the appointee had poisoned his mother-in-law, and had escaped punishment only because it was an open season in Podunk for mothers-in-law. Now, under the constitutional provision that a member shall not be called to account elsewhere for anything said in the Senate of the United States, a Senator is perfectly free to make any sort of a charge, and I, who at first favored open discussions, lived to reach the conclusion that common decency suggests these matters should be considered behind closed doors. Nor have I any doubt that if the old order had been retained and the Treaty of Versailles been considered in executive session it would have been ratified with reservations which would have satisfied the most timid American and would have met with the approval of the English, French, Italian, and Belgian governments.

United States Senators are not gods. It is an easy thing for a man to admit, and he takes pride in the admission, that he is right, but it is an infinitely difficult thing for him to admit that he is wrong. He has a feeling that he loses caste if he changes his mind.

It followed, therefore, that after the round robin was handed to President Wilson all the subsequent proceedings with reference to the treaty accomplished no purpose other than to keep the American people stirred up.

If the Senators are, and which I dispute, crooked and dishonest men, there is no hope for the republic. If they are, as I believe, honest, honorable, and patriotic men, then our foreign relations should be considered in executive session.

When I see a man kissing his wife in public I do not know whether he means it, but if I catch him at it behind the door I am sure he does. I believe a freer and more patriotic course of conduct will come through the executive rather than the open session.

So far as I am personally concerned, I am glad I did not sit in the Cabinet save when President Wilson was in France, for the United States Senate is a body of men with like passions, like hopes, like fears, like irritations with the rest of us.

There is nothing about a Senatorial toga that changes the intellectual concept of the man. He likes to cuss his President in good round terms in the cloak rooms; he likes to call him names and make faces at him when he is not looking; he does many things in the Senate chamber out of a sense of party loyalty, in deference to letters and telegrams from home, and he does not want anybody around the building who will go to the White House and tell the President what his private opinion is of the President's conduct and measures.

As to fitting a man to carry on in the event of the President's death—this is foolish. Houses built on dead men's bones soon crumble, and policies never issue from cadavers.

A Vice President either is or is not big enough to be President. If he is, he should be big enough to be his own President and not an understudy for somebody else. If he is not, his attempt to play the part of a dead man will be a signal failure. He will not be ghost enough to walk even at midnight.

THE END

While the thousands hurry homeward laden with bundles and packages on Christmas Eve.

Those Christmas Blues

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

Pictures by HAROLD DENISON

After All, the Middle of the Sahara Desert Is Not the Loneliest Place on Earth—Try Being All Alone in New York at Yuletide, an Experience That Befell the Writer. But Never Again!

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Say, until last year I never really understood what that meant.

A fellow has to live through an unmerry and unmarried Christmas before he understands that cheerful greeting. A Christmas without children, without family, without home.

I had my share of unmerry Christmases as a bachelor, but those were in the pre-Volstead days. Remember them? With big bowls of Tom and Jerry and punch on the bars, and bartenders friendly and smiling? A fellow was certain to find a friend there, and that one day of the year, at least, a welcome, whether he had much or little money.

That is one argument the Wets never advanced, and maybe a lot of fellows who are lonely in great cities will gulp as they remember how they gulped in those days. Or perhaps the Drys would claim they wouldn't have been homeless and lonely if it had not been for those places.

I remember other Christmases that weren't merry. One in Chicago long ago. Christmas fell on Sunday, that year.

Christmas, Sunday, a blizzard raging and the streets piled with snow, and my only friends starting for California early in the morning. Almost broke and not daring to spend what I had for cheer. That wasn't so good.

There was another, down on the border of Mexico, blistering hot, saddle sore, no friends, twelve miles to town—but I got there in the evening and had a mess of friends before Wessy put out the lights.

There was another up in the Northwest, eighteen below and a half blizzard and seventeen miles to the railroad, two of us with one horse and a pressing need to reach the railroad. Nothing to eat until that night, and then corned beef from a can, warmed over the station stove, coffee from a can, and chunks of dry bread. We hung up our stockings—to dry them.

There was another Christmas, at the mouth of a mine, with a haggard group of men and women waiting for word from the rescuers below—an all-day vigil, during which every blanket-wrapped figure hoisted from below meant tragedy to some, and hope and dread deferred for the others.

But, compared with last Christmas, those others were all peace on earth and good will toward men. But last Christmas—

Well, the children are pretty well grown now and have their own friends, and we were in New York. Almost all our friends were in Chicago, so the folks decided to go out there and spend the holidays, hoping I would get away at the last minute and join them. And I

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couldn't. Were you ever all alone in New York Christmas Eve and Christmas Day?

I am told that there are two hundred and twenty-five thousand men and girls in that city who spend Christmas alone. The wonder to me is that the East River does not get all clogged up until there isn't room for anyone else to jump off the docks. I know what I would have done in the years B.V. (Before Volstead), but even my bootlegger was out at his country place celebrating and giving each of his boys an eight cylinder car.

Some of my friends heard of my plight and invited me to spend the day with them—but I refused.

Christmas isn't that sort of a day. It isn't a day for outsiders to enter the family circle. It is worse for a stranger when the gifts are being distributed and the tree lighted than for them to drop in at the kid's bath hour or when Paw and Maw are going over the monthly bills.

It was all right until the boys in the office started home early, laden with bundles and boxes, and commenced yelling their Merry Christmases.

Got so I couldn't work any more, just sit and look at the desk, and wonder what sort of a time the missus and the kids were having and think of other Christmases during the years that had passed; the one down in the North Carolina mountains, in the cabin far up on the side of Deever, above Hominy Creek, when we cut our own tree, strung popcorn, gathered the holly and mistletoe, and decorated the cabin.

Of the one in the bungalow out in California, the day when Bud, just three years old, became a woman hater, and, after hugging the wonderful doll "Moms" sent him, dragged it around the corner of the bungalow and proceeded to beat its head with a stone.

Of that first Christmas in our new home, with the tree, and all the family gathered together again; of that wonder Christmas when our first born saw her first Christmas tree with eyes wide with surprise and wonder.

THE more Christmas Eves I remembered, the worse became my depression. My spirits sank way down to the bottom depths and pulled the depths in on top of themselves.

It wasn't Christmas weather, even, but warm, and wet, and gloomy. Darkness came early, with splattering rain squalls. The crowds had scattered early. Downtown was almost deserted. Even the office buildings were dark.

I decided to do a good deed. I would hunt up some homeless tramp and buy him a big dinner. So I crossed over to City Hall Park, and watched. A man came shuffling along, coat collar upturned. I stopped to invite him to dine with me, but with a curse, he jumped back and hurried past.

"What's troubling you?" I inquired. "I'm not trying to make a touch. I wanted——"

"Thought you was a bull, pal," he said, and passed on swiftly.

Again I tried. I stopped a second man and smiled upon him.

"Going home to Christmas dinner?" I inquired, sounding him out.

"Home, hell!" he said. "I et over at the dump," waving a hand indefinitely toward the lower East Side.

"Wouldn't you like to come and have a real dinner with me?"

"Wot's de game?" he inquired suspiciously.

I assured him that I was merely alone in the city, had no one with whom to eat, and thought perhaps he, too, was lonely.

"Say," he said, edging closer and glancing around, "I know a place where we can git some real good hootch, five dollars a quart, if youse want to spend yer money."

But . . . he jumped back and hurried past.

I wandered around downtown for an hour seeking to do good. Then, disgusted, I went out to the apartment, fried myself some eggs, and tried to read.

It was no use. Trying to read on Christmas Eve, with the memory of other Christmas Eves rising up to mock, is no good. I put out the lights and sat at a window, staring across into a lighted apartment where the neighbors were decorating a tree, wishing I knew them well enough to go over and help. Then I remembered that I knew a youngster in the building. Charlie his name was, and we had become acquainted when I opened the lobby doors for him and helped him with his scooter when he couldn't make it go.

Warmed with good impulses, I went out and found a belated storekeeper, with a decided foreign accent, still selling toys. I bought two small trinkets and decided I would take them and leave them at the other apartment for Charlie. I rang the bell. No answer. They were off in the country celebrating the day. I gave the toys to the first kids I met.

THEN I went home again. The only greeting there was a notice from the telegraph company that a message was at the telegraph office for me. I went over there and discovered the message.

One of my old girls (old being used advisedly) had remembered me, and my heart warmed as I tore open the message. There were forty words, wishing me joy and happiness for Christmas and New Year's.

"Two dollars and seven cents," said the telegraph man.

She had sent it collect.

Then I went back to the apartment and played solitaire for two hours. Worked it out twice and commenced to have a sincere regret that I had not gone with the man who had told me he knew a good hootch place.

I slept until daybreak and waked with a queer sense of having the blues.

Usually at that time, when the youngsters were small, I crept lower under the covers, remembering in spite of myself the early morning riots, the squeals of delight and happiness.

I fought on, trying to get to sleep until nearly ten in the morning. I didn't want to get up, and hoped to sleep the day away and make it shorter.

I surrendered at ten o'clock, got up, fried an egg, and spent as much time shaving and dressing as possible. Then I went down to the city by the slowest and longest route.

The downtown district was deserted. I went to the office and tried to work. At dusk I gave up and went uptown to dinner in a restaurant. The gabble of foreigners filled the place. Appetite departed and I wandered out. I threw cigaret ashes on the rugs and bawled myself out—then felt a little less homesick.

In desperation I sought a movie. The title sounded like comedy and I was surely in need of comedy just then. Instead the picture was a story of a homeless and friendless woman in a big city. The man next to me cursed audibly as he reached for his overcoat and scuttled for the exit. I bet he was in about the same position as I and I had a feeling of commiseration for him.

I called up my bootlegger, but he was still out in the country celebrating. So I went home, played solitaire until eleven o'clock, went to bed, couldn't sleep, and, getting up at seven o'clock, fried an egg, and hurried to the office.

Merry Christmas!

THE END

The Youngest Big League Manager

When the Senators became world baseball champions; scene as thousands of Washington fans poured across the ball park to congratulate Manager Stanley (Bucky) Harris and Pitcher Walter Johnson.

Pacific and Atlantic Photo

PART ONE

BEGINNING the Inspiring Story of Stanley (Bucky) Harris, Who Started Out as Baseball Mascot and Breaker Boy in a Coal Mine, and Now, at 28, Is the Diamond General Who Led the Washington Senators to Their World Championship Victory

Stanley Harris

P. & A. Photo

ANOTHER name has come into baseball to take its place on the roll of honor in the hearts of the ball fans of the United States with the names of Mathewson, Brown, Chance, Collins, and other heroes of the diamond.

The name is Stanley Harris, the beloved "Bucky" of Washington, youngest manager in the major leagues, who, by his fighting spirit, carried a weak and crippled team through one of the hardest campaigns in baseball history, triumphed over the breaks of "luck" in the World's Series against the Giants, and won the highest place in the sport.

Here is a twenty-eight-year-old player, who was born after Connie Mack was a great catcher, after Robinson and McGraw had made their names in the game, who was a breaker boy in a coal mine when Walter Johnson was starting his great career as a pitcher, leading a team of men, half of them older than himself, and inspiring them to greater efforts.

Harris is one of the most surprising types of ball player I ever have met; a boy who combines the best of the modern school of player, studious, thoughtful, considerate, decisive—and the spirit of the old timers who played ball because they loved it, who fought to the finish, and never gave up, and hoped until the last man was out. Bucky is what we fellows in baseball call a "ball hawk"—meaning that he pounces upon a baseball whenever and wherever he sees it and sinks his talons into it.

But it takes more than that to make a great leader of men—which is what the manager of a modern baseball club must be to succeed. And it takes more than ability to lead men, to inspire a mediocre ball club to beat better teams, and to keep it fighting in the face of disaster and breaks of luck.

Stanley Harris is now the idol and the inspiration of a million or two boys in this country. How well known he is can only be conjectured.

I sat in his room in Washington after the World's Series and watched the bellboys stagger in with literally thousands of letters and telegrams. And there was one letter from somewhere out West which was addressed:

General Bucky Harris,
America.

That letter was delivered to the Senators' leader without delay.

It is well to study Harris and his career to

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learn the secret of his ability to control men, to direct affairs, and better to control himself. How a boy with scant education could do the thing Harris has done, and become the man he has become—a man who can hold himself well in any company—is a bigger inspiration than the fact that he hit a home run in the most dramatic game of the most thrilling World's Series ever played.

It always has been a question in my mind whether athletic contests develop self-control and leadership or whether men are good at such contests because they possessed those qualities at the start. Harris appears to have possessed a lot of both—and to have added to them gradually.

This boy's life is a series of object lessons, opportunities seized, and opportunities made, and the fact that he is not in the slightest spoiled by his success adds to the chances that his success is permanent.

Like most successful men, Harris started right in selecting his parents. He was born at Port Jervis, New York, November 8, 1896. Clark Griffith and I had at that time been three years together and had just finished a fair season. Bucky's father was Thomas Harris, now inspector of police of the Lackawanna Railroad. The father was athletic, a corking good pitcher, and had played ball with Hughie Jennings in the Pennsylvania coal regions. According to Harris Senior, Bucky was a born leader.

"I do not remember the time Bucky was not a leader," he says. "He assumed command of every bunch of kids he knew, and was always captain and boss. He was a serious little fellow, doing his own thinking, and he was fair-minded. The only fights I remember him having was with bullies, and he had a sense of justice unusual for a youngster."

Merle, a brother, was older than Stan, and was one of the best baseball and basketball players in the region. Both boys were decent, upright youngsters who fought clean and hard. The influence of the mother was plainly evident, and the father says all the credit belongs to her.

The family moved to Pittston, Pennsylvania, when Stan was six years old. He began playing baseball and basketball before he was ten. He was fast, shifty on his feet, and deceiving because he looked small and hit hard.

To understand the development of this boy it is necessary to know the country. Pittston is a mining town, and mining and baseball appear to run together. Around Pittston are a dozen smaller towns, and every one of them claims Hughie Jennings as a native.

How great an influence Hughie Jennings has exerted upon boys in that district in the last twenty-five years is hard to estimate. But most likely Harris' influence upon the coming generation will not be less than Jennings' should he continue his high standard.

Bucky is now one of the most eminent citizens of the anthracite region—a district which has turned out Jennings, Shorten, McNally, the O'Neill boys, Jake Daubert and a score of other great ball players.

THE Hughestown section of Pittston is a community apart, inhabited by miners mostly, on a hilltop overlooking the city. Pete Smaltz was in those days perhaps the best known citizen of Hughestown, because he owned a cigar store, the poolroom, and his place was the center of sporting activities. Pete was manager of the ball team which was known as the Pittston Brothers. Bucky Harris, who was ten years old, was made mascot and his brother Merle played on the team.

Pacific and Atlantic Photo

Clark C. Griffith

Why I Made Stanley Harris Manager

By CLARK C. GRIFFITH

Owner of the Washington World's Champion Baseball Team and Formerly Leading Pitcher of the World

Bucky Harris is a great ball player, much greater than averages indicate or experts think. He is a thinker, able to make a plan, stick to it, and not regret it if it goes wrong. He is square with his players.

I never before have told why I decided on him as a manager. It came from an incident starting before I bought him. I had seen him in a couple of International League games and liked his work. I sent a scout to watch him. The scout reported he could not decide whether Bucky was a good prospect or not.

I went to Buffalo to watch him. He was throwing in a peculiar manner and was not hitting right at the ball. He was playing with the first and second fingers of his throwing hand taped together. I asked what was the matter, and he showed me a finger. The end looked like a mushroom. It had been hurt more than a week before, and he still was playing. I bought him that night. He came to Washington, played a couple of weeks, and the finger failed to heal, so I sent him to my doctor, who discovered the finger had been broken. The doctor said Bucky would have to quit playing.

"See here, Mr. Griffith," said Bucky, "I won't do it. If I don't play I lose my chance to make good in the big league."

"Young fellow," I said, "you made good with me when you said that. You lay off and get that finger mended."

From that day on I knew who was going to manage my ball club.

Bucky Harris at 15, when he was playing as forward with the Pittston Brothers basketball team.

Bucky, at that time, appears to have been a live wire. Yet, according to the Pittston historians, he was not a bad boy. He fought, but he never looked for a fight or ran from one.

The Pittston Brothers played football and basketball as well as baseball, and Bucky was a ball hawk from the time he could grab a baseball or toss a basketball.

Skull practice (discussion of the game) always was held in Pete Smaltz's poolroom, and Bucky, usually silent, was so earnest and sincere that at times he would break into the players' conversation and tell them how plays should be made. Once, it is said, some of the players tried to suppress Bucky and hurt his feelings, whereupon he clambered into the upper part of the building and proceeded to break up skull practice by pouring a bucket of water upon the assembled players.

That was Bucky's way—if he thought his cause just he fought for it, and the size of the other fellow made no difference.

Merle, the older brother, was one of the best baseball and basketball players in that section. Stan, being a younger brother, had certain privileges and was mascot in general for all the teams. He was small, but he made up in speed what he lacked in strength. He played baseball, football, basketball, and handball. He was on the school team—in fact, he played with the high school, although he never went beyond the eighth grade in the grammar school.

When he was thirteen years old Stan became a breaker boy. He was smaller than most of the others, but he was quick and he soon won his way. He could defend himself by throwing coal with remarkable accuracy, and it was his quickness and his willingness to work which attracted attention.

IT was a Jennings—not related to Hughie—who gave Stan his first boost upward. Jennings was an office superintendent at the mine and observed that Harris was a faster thinker and more ambitious than many of the other boys.

Also, he noticed that Harris never was whipped. He might be down, but before it was ended he was on top. Whether at wrestling, "chugging" (a form of boxing with only body blows allowed), running, handball, baseball, billiards or pool, or any other game requiring speed and quickness, Bucky was a leader. He had organized a baseball team among the breaker boys before he had been picking coal a week—and Bucky was captain.

Jennings thought Bucky would be wasted in the breaker, so got him a job in the company office. The boy tackled the office job with as great enthusiasm as he had his work in the breaker. Just as soon as he got acquainted in the office he organized a baseball team, to occupy his spare time, and commenced to learn. He grasped an idea quickly and soon began to learn bookkeeping.

When he was sixteen years old Bucky was playing semi-professional baseball with Lehighton, basketball with the Hughestown Hose Company, was half back on the football team, was champion of the fire company's handball team, and besides found plenty time to work.

The boy was a bunch of muscle and nerve—a clear thinker, level headed, and ambitious.

Bucky's great ambition was largely to excel his brother Merle, who was a better ball player.

He had developed into one of the greatest basketball players in the country, and he and his brother Merle were putting Pittston on the map as a basketball center. Basketball was his game, but baseball still was his first love. He had made up his mind to succeed as a ball player—and when Stan Harris made up his mind it remained made up.

The second article of this series of three about America's most famous baseball figure will appear in the next issue.

STEAMED PUDDINGS *for* Christmas

Here is the crowning masterpiece of a real Christmas dinner—a steaming, rich plum pudding! Garnished with hard sauce and holly made from candies. Above, the steamer in which it is cooked.

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

ALTHOUGH a fruit ice or frappé for dessert at the elaborate Christmas dinner is healthfully ideal, a fruity cake or a savory pudding for Christmas seems to be traditionally essential. Every-day desserts will do for the other 364 days, but at Christmas we are best satisfied with the mellow plum pudding or the well-ripened English fruit cake; both of which need only a slight modification to suit the American prohibition table.

Though plum puddings may look as if they entailed an elaborate preparation, no desserts are more simply made than those cooked by the steaming process. Care is more important than skill in making steamed puddings. Here, nicety of preparation and accuracy of measurement are the chief factors on which success is founded. The beginner may even steam the fruit cake for several hours and then bake it for a short time to brown its surface. This method avoids the trouble of oven watching, and the worry of getting a heavy crust formation. Nor are we confined to plum puddings and fruit cake in our selection of a steamed pudding. Fruit and batter puddings lend themselves well to this steaming process.

Plum Pudding (for Six)

2 cups soft bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅛ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup suet
½ cup molasses
1 egg
¾ cup milk
½ cup currants
½ cup raisins
½ cup prune pulp

CHOP the suet which has been sprinkled with a little flour to prevent its sticking, in a food chopper or chopping bowl. Pick over the fruits, removing the stems, and place in a colander or strainer. Wash thoroughly by immersing in a bowl of cold water and rubbing them together. Drain on clean towel. Shake flour over them and rub them between the fingers. The prune pulp should then be cut from the stones. Large-sized prunes (20 to 30's) are most desirable as well as more economical per unit of prune pulp. Mix the ingredients in the order given. Place in an oiled pudding mold or coffee, cocoa, or baking powder cans and cover tightly. Immerse in boiling water, taking care not to have the water so deep that it will seep under the cover. If a steamer is available the puddings need not be covered, but may be placed on the steamer rack over boiling water for two hours at least. Serve hot or reheated, with sauce.

Vegetable Plum Pudding (for Six)

2 cups flour
1 pound seeded raisins
1 cup potato
1 cup carrot
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 tablespoon cold water
1 cup suet
2 oranges—juice and grated rind
1 lemon—juice and grated rind

MIX the flour and raisins. Put the potatoes, carrots, and suet through a food chopper. Mix the baking soda and water. Combine these three mixtures. Add the remaining ingredients. Place in a greased mold and steam three hours. Serve hot, with sauce.

Steamed Fig Pudding (for Six)

½ pound figs
¼ pound beef suet, chopped
1½ cups bread crumbs
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

CHOP or grind the figs with the suet. Add the bread crumbs. Then add the sugar. Mix the beaten egg and milk. Add this to the first mixture. Then sift in the flour and baking powder. Mix well. Put into a greased mold and steam for three hours. Serve hot, with sauce. Dates may be used in place of figs for variety.

Whipped Cream Sauce (for Six)

1 cup whipped cream
1 egg white
1-3 cup powdered sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

CHILL the cream and mixing bowl. Add the unbeaten egg white. Beat with egg beater or until stiff. Fold in the sugar and vanilla.

Lemon Sauce (for Six)

¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups boiling water
1 lemon—juice and rind
1 tablespoon butter

MIX the sugar and flour thoroughly. Slowly stir in the boiling water. Boil and stir fifteen minutes. Add flavoring and butter. Mix well. Serve hot. For vanilla sauce use the lemon sauce recipe but decrease the sugar to ¼ cup, and add 1 teaspoon of vanilla in place of the lemon. If Sultana sauce is desired, use the recipe for vanilla sauce and add ½ cup Sultana raisins with the vanilla and butter.

Spiced Pudding Sauce (for Six)

1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups hot water

PROCEED as for lemon sauce, mixing the spices in with the flour and sugar.

Hard Sauce (for Six)

1 cup sugar (brown or powdered)
1-3 cup butter
1 teaspoon vanilla, or 1-3 teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon, or 1 teaspoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon vanilla

CREAM the butter, gradually work in the sugar and mix thoroughly. Add the flavoring and chill. Serve on hot puddings. The sauce may be made especially attractive by piping the sauce on to the pudding with the aid of a pastry tube. Cinnamon drops and leaves cut from mint green drops may be used to represent the festive holly.

Fruit Cake

[Make a 5-pound cake which will fill a large-sized (or 10-inch) tube cake tin or two loaf cake pans, 8x4x3 inches]

1 package seeded raisins
1 package currants
2 ounces candied orange peel
2 ounces candied lemon peel
¼ pound citron
½ pound flour
1½ teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup preserved cherries or other preserved fruit
1 lemon (juice)
¼ cup grape juice
¼ cup orange juice
½ teaspoon mace
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon allspice
½ pound butter
½ pound sugar
6 eggs
Almond and cherries (both the red, Maraschino, and the green, creme de menthe), may be used for garnishing.

WASH the raisins and currants, drain well, then dry them on a towel. Grind the raisins, candied orange and lemon peel in a food chopper. Cut the citron into very thin slices. Mix the flour, salt, and spices. Add the currants to the raisin mixture. Then sift in the flour mixture and mix thoroughly with the fruit. Cream the butter and gradually work in the sugar. Separate the eggs. Add the beaten yolks to the butter and sugar. Mix well. Then add the fruit mixture, preserved fruit, and fruit juices. Mix thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Prepare the cake pan by greasing it and lining it with greased paper. Put in a one-inch layer of the cake dough. Spread this with citron evenly sprinkled and repeat, having the top layer of dough. Arrange the almonds and cherries on top in a design. Do not press them in for the cake will rise enough to hide them if you do. Bake in a very slow oven, 250° Fahrenheit, for 4½ hours, or steam 3 hours and finish in moderate oven, 350° Fahrenheit, for 30 to 40 minutes. Remove from the oven, let stand for a few minutes, then remove the cake from the pan and cool, preferably on a cake rack. When thoroughly cooled off, store in a tightly covered tin box.

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution.

Dante and Virgil preparing to enter Charon's boat which is to carry them across the River Styx.

DANTE'S INFERNO

A Motion Picture Review

By ALVA TAYLOR

DANTE'S INFERNO
Adapted by Edmund Goulding
Directed by Henry Otto Produced by Wm. Fox
CAST:

Dante	*Lawson Butt*
Virgil	*Howard Gaye*
Mortimer Judd	*Ralph Lewis*
Marjorie Vernon, nurse	*Pauline Starke*
Eugene Craig	*Josef Swickard*
Mildred Craig	*Gloria Grey*
Ernest Judd	*William Scott*
The Fiend	*Robert Klein*
Mrs. Judd	*Winifred Landis*
The Doctor	*Lorimer Johnston*

THE temptation to put Dante's Inferno into moving pictures must have been pretty great. The opportunity for striking pictorial effects offered by the poem with the famous Doré illustrations as guide, are immense. But producers kept away from it for many years. Then Mr. Fox fell. He expended much money, time, and effort, and finally invited the public to take a trip through the infernal regions with Dante.

But it is our opinion that Mr. Fox shouldn't have tried it. Dante's Inferno is too colossal a masterpiece to be translated to the screen. Its pictorial side, although vivid, is only a fraction of the whole. The Divine Comedy of Dante, of which the Inferno is the first part, is a gigantic allegory of metaphysics and religious controversy.

It is utterly impossible to put such a work upon the screen and retain the spirit and meaning of the original. Nobody could have done it. Mr. Fox and the director, Henry Otto, made a valiant attempt. The few parts of the Inferno that they did extract from the long symbolical poem were well put on. Scenes such as the ferryboat across the Styx, and that in which Minos sits upon his judgment seat are interesting.

The trouble is that hell from the pictorial point of view is rather monotonous. One group of sinners looked to us very much like the next group. They were all pursued by demons armed with pitchforks, and tortured with the fires of the damned.

We feel that if the producers had not attempted so much they would have made a greater success. Knowing that they could never get the general public to go to Dante's Inferno if presented in a pure and unadulterated form, they have taken a modern story and woven into it portions of the Inferno.

Had the producers treated the torment portions of the picture more as a hazy, indefinite impression passing through the subconscious mind of the unpleasant gentleman who reads the Inferno in the story, it would have been better than giving us definite bits, taken here and there. They start out in such a thorough way with the opening of the poem, showing Dante lost in the wood, his meeting with the lion and the leopard, Beatrice and Virgil to the rescue, and the first steps in the descent into the infernal regions, that we are all set for a complete tour.

But we never get to the bottom where Dante has placed old Lucifer sitting in the middle of a large cake of ice. The producers doubtless felt that they had given the public just about "enough hell." Which is quite true. Any more would have been too much.

The modern story upon which the scenes are hung, has to do with an avaricious and unjust millionaire, Mortimer Judd, who has eliminated the word help from his vocabulary. He refuses to aid a man upon the verge of bankruptcy, although just a word from him would be sufficient. The doomed man takes from his bookshelves a copy of Dante's Inferno, inscribes therein a curse, and sends it by messenger to the millionaire.

This gentleman reads it, falls asleep, and has horrible nightmares in which he sees the man he has refused to help, a suicide, his own wife dead, and himself about to be thrown into the flames of his burning tenements, which have always been firetraps. He then wakes up, and rushes out of his study to embrace everyone and shower benevolence right and left.

The picture, though not without its unconvincing element, has enough drama in it to make it interesting. It will doubtless interest you. You ought to see it so that you can form your own opinion.

Next Week: *He Who Gets Slapped*
With Lon Chaney
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE TRIUMPH OF THE BATH

Four Beauties Who Bathed And Found Fame in Hollywood

Captions by Alva Taylor

DON'T be deceived by that big hat. Marie Mosquini once brightened up the sand of the California beaches. Now she's doing two reel leads for Hal Roach. Doubtless the serious drammer will claim her soon.

JUST ONE OF THE GIRLS inhabiting bathing suits at one time, Alice Day has risen to leading rôles in two reel Mack Sennett comedies. Next stop Bill Shakespeare, Ibsen, or Elinor Glyn! No telling to what heights these young ladies will climb. Witzel photo

SHINING example for all little girls with pretty bathing suits to follow! Miss Marie Prevost once toyed with the waves for the benefit of the T. B. M. Now she can play Camille if she wants, with Warner Brothers. Strauss Peyton photo.

FOLLIES to the beaches and from the beaches to two reel leads with Hal Roach. There you have the career of Blanche Mehaffey. Isn't she a dead ringer for Marie Prevost up top there?

BOUND for RIO

A Short Story of Love and Revenge; of Storms at Sea and Sunshine at the End

A mile long hissing sea reared up and fell aboard the length of the ship. Pegwell grabbed a lifeline.

I.

THE old man's broken teeth gleamed through tight, thin lips whenever his rheumy eyes glimpsed the lofty spars of the clipper in the bay. She was the only deepwaterman in port.

"Blood boat!" he chattered. "A blood boat! But you don't git no more o' my blood, not by a damn sight!"

Hastily turning away, the old man shambled along the wharf, at the end of which stood an office. Opposite the office, bright and cheery against the gray and dirt of the waterside, a tiny store kept its door open, revealing an interior to set the pulses of an ancient mariner leaping. Never a yellow oilskin, nor a bit of rope; not one block or shackle offended the eye grown weary through half a century of salty servitude.

Glossy plugs of black tobacco; clay pipes of virgin whiteness and lissome shape; woolly comforters and stout shore going winter socks; old, tasty cheese and soft, white bread; fat sausage and luscious, boneless ham: all these things, mere fancies of the dreaming sailorman at sea, were clear to the view of old Pegwell through the open door of the little store as he paced up and down before the office, waiting for the man to whom he was to make application for the job of watchman of the wharf.

There was a sharp hint of frost in the air; a sharper threat of wind. There was just enough of brine and breeze, just a trace. It smelt of salt water and of boats, with never an obtrusive reminder of hardcase deepwater ships.

Ah! There was a snug harbor indeed for a battered old seadog. If a chap could expect to come at last into such a fair haven as that little store now he wouldn't mind a few decades of bitter travail at sea.

"Hell's delight! Fat chance I got o' savin' money now!" he growled.

He sought for a match, found none. It was just his luck. But he had a few pennies. He would buy matches in that store. He waited until the stream of lunch customers thinned out, and entered.

"Box o' lucifers," he demanded, slapping down the coin. His eyes wandered around the homey little place. There were things he had not noticed before from outside. Red candy; bright painted toys; rubber balls. Children came there evidently. What sort of children would come to that neighborhood for toys?

"Your matches, sir," said a rippling, laughing voice; and old Pegwell turned around sharply and discovered why children might well come to that store. Men, too. A twenty-year-old girl was offering him matches. Her big brown eyes danced mischievously. She was as trim as a brand-new China clipper.

"Thank 'e, ma'am," said Pegwell, as he grabbed the matches and shuffled out, dazzled and confused by the vision. He was still dazzled, his box of matches unopened, when he stumbled against the man he had waited to see.

"Heard you wanted a watchman, sir," said old Pegwell respectfully. He proffered a bundle of ships' discharges as evidence of character. The man glanced through them, glanced keenly at the old man, and nodded.

"Night work," he said. "Six to six. If you suit, in a month I'll give you a day shift, turn and turn about. Nothing much to do here, but you'll have to watch out for strangers. Lot of crooks on the water nowadays. Rum, dope, all sorts. Start tonight."

OLD Pegwell had landed his first shore job. For the first time since starting out to earn his own living he could afford to gaze curiously at a sailorman, going large, staggering along to the next blind pig.

"Sailors is a lot o' lummoxes," he decided. "Like kids."

"If yuh save up yer money, an' don't git on th' rocks,
Yuh'll have plenty o' tobacker in yer old tobacker box,"

he sang, quaveringly.

He pulled up sharply, ceasing his song, and drifted over toward the little store again. He would have to find some place to live, to sleep at least. That girl looked different from others he had known. Perhaps she would tell him where to seek. He walked in, more confidently than before. He had a shore job now.

"Plug o' tobacker, miss," he asked for. The girl appeared from behind a provision case,

GRANDE *By Capt. Dingle*

Pictures by
ANTON OTTO FISCHER

putting on a smile as she emerged. A man thrust back deeper into the shadow. Pegwell saw nothing of the forced smile or the man. His eyes were roving, taking in the wealth of the stock. When he turned to take his tobacco the girl's smile was sunny enough. He felt encouraged.

"Beg y' pardon, miss, I just got a job on th' wharf, and thought likely you could direc' me where to git a bed, cheap. I ain't a pertickler chap. Just es long 's there ain't too many bugs, or——"

"You got a job on the wharf?" interrupted a man's voice. A youth, who might have been good looking if he could have changed his eyes, came from behind the provision case and scowled surlily. "What job?"

"Watchman," said Pegwell importantly. "Night watchman. Know any place I kin get a doss?"

"How did you get to hear about this job? I'm livin' here right along, lookin' for a job, and a stranger comes along and lands it over my head. You're a sailor, ain't you?"

"No; watchman," retorted old Pegwell. "Was a sailorman. Had good discharges. I'm a watchman now. D'you know of a place I kin sleep, miss?"

The youth dragged the girl aside and they muttered together, ignoring Pegwell. Presently the girl spoke sharply, angrily.

"It's best for you to go away, Larry. It's a good thing you never heard of the wharf job. Too many old friends hanging around there! You've signed on in the Stella. Now you go. You know what the judge said. Go to work, like a decent fellow, and you won't be watched like a——"

"Go to work? Hell! I'm willing to go to work, Mary, but what d'you want to shove me off into a damned old square rigger for? Ain't there work to be got——"

"It's best that you go away for a while," insisted the girl. "You were lucky to escape jail when that gang of smugglers got caught. I'm not sure now that the judge was satisfied about you. If you stay around here they're sure to watch you——"

"Beg pardon, miss, but if you know of a place——" interrupted Pegwell impatiently.

Larry swung around and grinned crookedly.

"All right, sister," he told her. "I'll do it to please you." He took Pegwell's arm. "I'll find you a bed, old timer. What time d'you go to work?"

"Six. Want to get a sleepin' place afore that."

"Meet me here at five-thirty. I'll have a bunk for you by then."

PEGWELL started off for a walk, but streets were a barren wilderness to him. He gravitated toward the harbor. He found himself somehow in front of the little store. It was a long time from five-thirty. Methodically he noted the contents of the window, grew amazed at the number and variety.

"Larry hasn't come back yet," the girl called out from the store. "Won't you wait inside?"

Pegwell looked sheepish. Sailors of the deep waters were always easily abashed in the presence of a decent woman. Pegwell scarcely dared to look up from the floor as he entered. But the girl began to chatter to him, and he felt at ease when she handed him a match for his cold pipe. In ten minutes he was spinning her fearsome yarns. In half an hour they were friends. She confided little scraps of her own affairs.

"Larry's a good fellow," she said, a bit sadly. "Too good. He's easy to lead. There has been a lot of smuggling along the front lately, and he ought to have kept away. But he always seems to have money, never goes to work, and when a big capture was made he was under suspicion. The judge told him he had better go to work, then folks would be apt to believe that he was innocent. Of course he is innocent! My brother Larry couldn't be a crook, Mr. Pegwell. But he has been under suspicion, and I made him join that big sailing ship, the Stella, for a voyage. When he comes back everything will be forgotten, and he can—— Oh, here's Jack! Excuse me, Mr. Pegwell."

A tall, brown faced man of thirty limped in. Pegwell was no keen-eyed Solon concerning women of Mary Bland's sort; but when he saw her pretty face light up and her big brown eyes flash at the appearance of this good looking fellow who limped on a shortened leg, he knew he was intruding. Puffing furiously at his pipe, he stumped out upon the front.

At five-thirty Larry found Pegwell sitting on the cap log of the wharf.

"Come on, old timer. I got a fine bunk for you," said Larry. Pegwell followed him.

"I heared you be goin' in th' Stella," remarked Pegwell.

"I ain't proud of it," retorted Larry.

"I just come home in her. A hell ship, she is! Can sail, though. You ain't old an' stiff. Do yer work an' don't give th' mates no slack, an' you'll be all kiff, me son."

Larry glanced curiously at the queer old man who thought fit to preach duty to him.

They turned down by a disused and evil smelling fish dock, out of sight of a growing district.

"Have to cross the creek in a boat," grinned Larry. "Save time, see. You have to be on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

the job, now, but other times you can walk around. Here y' are."

At the foot of a perpendicular ladder of boards nailed on a slimy pile a boat lay. Three husky boatmen grinned up knowingly at Larry. A blue canvas sea bag lay in the bottom of the boat, doubled up, like a dead man.

"Take good care of my old friend," Larry ordered. He gently drew Pegwell to the ladder. "Hurry up, old timer. Soon's they see you snug they have to come back for me."

Pegwell stepped on the ladder.

"Ho!" he said. "That's your sea bag, hey? Well, me son, do yer work, an' give the mates no slack, an'——"

Something heavy fell upon his gray old head. He tumbled into the boat. As he pitched forward Pegwell heard the laugh of his friend Larry, and he realized the treatment awaiting him.

THE tall clipper put to sea. On her forecastle-head men tramped drearily around the capstan. Hard bitted officers cursed them; an exasperated tugboat skipper bawled; the anchor clung tenaciously to the mud.

"An' awa-ay, Rio! Awa-ay, Rio!
Sing fare yew well, my bonny young gal,
We are boun' fer Rio Grande!"

A quavery, broken old pipe raised that chantey. The mate left the knighthead, plunging in among the desolate crew, thumping, thumping, cursing venomously.

"You sojers!" he yelped. "You double-left-legged sojers! Here's old Noah come to life again, and you let him show you your work! Heave, blind you! Heave! Sing out, old Noah! Why, damn my eyes, if it ain't old Pegwell come with us again!"

The mate stood off a pace, staring at Pegwell. Sailormen rarely made two voyages in the Stella.

"I didn't join, sir," protested Pegwell, ceasing his song. All the men stopped. Pegwell had tried to persuade the captain he was not one of his crew as soon as he recovered his wits. The result had been painful. "I got to be on the job at six, sir. I'll lose my new job. I wuz shanghaied——"

A fist thumped him hard between the shoulders, driving him back to his capstan bar with coughing lungs.

"Sing out! Start something! Heave, damn you!" retorted the mate, and fell upon the miserable gang tooth and nail. The tug hooted owlishly.

A jolly good ship, an' a jolly good crew:
Awa-ay, Rio!
A jolly good mate, an' a good skipper, too,
An' we're boun' fer Rio Grande!

Pegwell tramped around the capstan. A donkey yoked to the bar of a mill. A sailor bound by a lifetime of hard usage to a habit of obedience.

Pegwell's bunk had bugs. All the bunks had bugs. Pegwell's bunk was beneath a sweat leak where a bit of dry rot had crumbled a corner of a deck beam. But Larry's sea bag, a blue canvas bag made by a sailorman, revealed itself full of amazing comforts. The old fellow had never owned such a bag. There were blankets. Woolen, not woolly. Warm underwear, stockings, shirts. Good oilskins, leakproof boots. There was a real steel razor; a real steel sheath knife. A great bundle of soap and matches; white enamelware dish and pannikin; and a dainty thing that puzzled Pegwell until he opened it. It was a folder of blue cloth, tied about with a silken cord. On the flat side was worked in silk, beautifully, "Larry; from Mary."

Inside, cunning pockets were full of needles, thread, buttons, scissors. And tucked into the innermost fold was a note, in a slender hand bearing signs of stress, bidding Larry act the man, wishing him luck, praying for his safe return. The feel of it gave old Pegwell a warm thrill.

"Hey, me son, I want that bunk!" he announced grimly, shaking the shoulder of a sleeping ordinary seaman whose bunk was leakless. "C'm on. Out of it! Able seamen comes fust, me lad."

Pegwell carefully placed his needle case in a dry place, then hauled the youth out on to the filthy floor, cotton blanket and all. Even youth must yield to experience when youth is seasick, and experience runs along lines of deep water pully-haul.

Pegwell now had the cleanest, driest bunk in the forecastle. He stole lemons from the steward, which he hid cunningly. From time to time he cut one in slices, fastened it to ship's side or bunk board, thereby driving puzzled bugs to other, less exclusive quarters. He stole nails from Chips; made shelves for his little comforts, pegs for his fine new clothes. He stole a bit of white line from the bosun and made a pair of flat sennit bands by which his spare blankets swung from the bunk above.

By the time the clipper crossed the line Pegwell only dimly remembered Larry's treachery. He only mistily recalled the job he had got but had never worked at. It was easy for the old man to slip back into the habits of a lifetime; even though the ship was a hard place. The great outstanding point was that for the first time in his dreary life old Pegwell sailed deep water possessed of everything necessary for comfort, and some luxuries to boot. And this he owed to Mary Bland.

Old Pegwell usually fell asleep with a flashback of memory to a snug little store on a dingy waterside, overladen with a stock of wonders, presided over by a laughing girl whose big, brown, friendly eyes sometimes held just a trace of trouble. Then he would think darkly of Larry, only to sink into sound slumber in the warmth of Larry's woollies under Larry's blankets.

II.

PEGWELL'S bunk was no longer dry. No man's bunk was. The forecastle was a reeling, freezing, weeping dungeon peopled with miserable devils to whom hell would have been heaven. For thirty days the clipper had been battered by a northwesterly gale off Cape Horn.

When a man came from the wheel after a two hours' trick he was blue, and tottery, and grinning, and more than a little insane.

Pegwell stood his wheel warm and dry. He felt the bitterness of the weather and the ship's stress, but for once his old bones were not racked with extreme cold. The ship steered badly. They sent the young ordinary seaman to hold the lee spokes.

"You just put yer weight to it when I shoves the helm up or down, me son," said Pegwell. The lad's teeth chattered; his lanky body, undernourished, 'twixt boy and man, shook like a royal mast under a thrashing sail.

"Y—yessir!" he chattered, fearfully.

Pegwell glanced sharply at the lad once or twice. Since their first encounter over the change of bunks, the lad had not been remarkable for politeness toward the old man. But there was no hint of impudence in that "Yessir!" The boy looked blue.

Grumbling, taking a hand from the wheel when he could, gripping a spoke desperately to check it, the old man peeled off his heavy monkey jacket.

"Slip into this yer jacket, me son!" he roared, and put his shoulder to the spokes, bringing the ship to her course before the mate arrived. The lad thawed. When the watch was up, he was glowing. Old Pegwell was warm, but wet through with driving snow. He watched his chance to shuffle along the main deck between seas. The lad, less cautious, started first.

When they were in the deep waist, the new helmsman let the ship go off and a mile long hissing sea reared up and fell aboard the length of her. Pegwell grabbed a lifeline. When the decks cleared themselves through the ports, he clawed his way choking and blinded to the forecastle, soaked to the skin, his broken teeth chattering with the icy chill.

"Where's th' young feller?" he chattered.

"I see him bashed up against th' galley," growled the man nearest. "He'll git here. Can't lose them kind."

He didn't "git here." The young ordinary seaman never rounded the Horn. He went overboard to death wearing old Pegwell's monkey jacket.

MAKING northing and westing with dry decks, though the wind was bitterly cold, men with all the sailorman's improvidence discarded tattered oilskins and soggy socks. And with all the fiendish frailty of Cape Horn weather, the fair wind blew itself out, a rolling calm followed, and then another, fiercer northwesterly gale shrieked down and drove the ship back into the murderous gray seas to the southward.

Pegwell clambered stiffly out of the rigging after re-tying the points of the reefed main topsail. The maindeck was a seething chaos of rope-snarled water. In the roaring torrent men were being hurled along the deck. Only a frantically waving arm or leg indicated that a man was not dead. Then a greater sea thundered aboard. It smashed the boat gallows. The boats hung over the side, precariously held by the ropes.

A spare topmast was torn loose from chain lashings and chocks: a massive stick of Oregon pine, roughly squared, it hurtled aft on the torrent, broke a sailor's half drowned body cruelly, and crashed end on against the poop bulkhead.

Pegwell and the watch fought with the spar. The seas endued the timber with devilish spite. Twice all hands were torn from their hold, rolled about the flooded decks in the icy water, battered near to death by the murderous stick.

In a lull they secured the spar. The boats were gone. They picked up tangled gear, and took two mangled men from the meshes.

The wind struck afresh. It staggered the ship. And while she staggered and hung poised another chuckling sea climbed over the six foot bulwarks and filled her decks.

"Bill's hurted bad, now, sir," screamed Pegwell, shivering in the grip of cold and numb agony. Bill was the bosun. He hung twisted and pallid between the two men who lifted him. They bore him forward. Chips stood across the sill of the smashed door of the tiny cabin they shared.

"This ain't no place for a hurted man!" Chips grumbled. "Tell th' Old Man he ought t' be took care of aft."

They told the skipper.

"No room aft," the skipper howled at them.

The Stella fought her stubborn way against the gale under three lower topsails, reefed upper main topsail, and treble reefed foresail with a ribbon of foretopmast staysail.

"Put him in the forecastle if it's any drier."

They bore the man below. Instinctively they laid him in old Pegwell's bunk, for it was driest. All were wet. Pegwell's at least boasted woolen coverings.

Pegwell himself covered the silent form with a blanket. He needed no hint to cover the pallid face too. He made no protest when a sailor gently pulled another blanket from under the bosun.

"Jack 's cruel cold, mate," said the sailor. He wrapped Jack, another storm victim, in the blanket with roughened hands that trembled.

Overhead the seas thundered on deck. The Stella fought her stubborn way against the gale under three lower topsails, reefed upper main topsail, and treble reefed foresail with a ribbon of fore topmast staysail.

The gale died out. A fair wind came. The ship sped north again, scarred but sound, clothed in new canvas, triumphant. They buried Bill and Jack in Pegwell's bedding.

By this time Pegwell had little left of his grand outfit. As the rags of his mates gave out, he grumblingly gave of his store. Grumbled and gave. That was Pegwell. But he never let go of that little blue cloth needle case inscribed, "Larry; from Mary." Slyly he had picked at the stitches until the word "Larry" was becoming indistinguishable. When a few more threads fell out he could show his treasure to incredulous sailormen, and they would never know that the obliterated name was not his own.

THE crew scuttled from the Stella like rats when she docked. Only Pegwell hung on. Alone of the outward bound crew before the mast, he stubbornly resisted all the efforts of the mates to get him out. They could ship a new crew homeward at half the wages paid outward. None of the deserters waited for their wages. Their forfeited pay was so much profit to the ship. But Pegwell refused to be driven out. Cheerless and bare his bunk might be. It was. There was always the little blue folded housewife to remind him that he had a shore job once, over against a snug little store. And the ambition that had flamed then still burned.

As for quitting the ship, Pegwell had wages due. Not a lot, but wages still. If he completed the voyage, drawing no advance whatever, buying nothing from the slop chest, he would have coming to him a nice little nest egg which might hatch into a home at last. That nest egg loomed big to the captain.

"Set him to chipping cable," said the skipper. "Work him up!"

The mates worked him up, cruelly, but they could not work him out.

Homeward bound round the Horn. Pegwell showed his little blue housewife to the new hands. They were a hard lot. They made ribald fun about it. They stole his poor bedding, and dared him to identify it. He endured. They stole his sea boots. Pegwell endured that, too. But somebody stole his little blue house-

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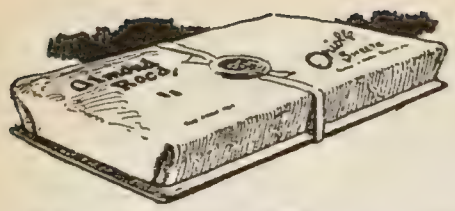

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BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Wash.

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stop hurting in one minute!

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Special shapes and sizes quickly and safely relieve callouses, bunions, blisters and tender spots.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on - the pain is gone

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

wife, worked in silk, "——; from Mary," and there was a fight.

It was a young weasel of a wastrel who tried to prevent Pegwell from taking back his treasure. A weasel bred in the muck of the water front; cunning and full of devious fighting tricks. But the old seaman fought on sure feet on a reeling deck; fought with righteous fury swelling his breast; fought without feeling the brutal knee or the gouging thumb. And he beat his man, recovered his treasure, and earned much freedom from molestation.

In the bleak, soul searching gales off Cape Stiff, Pegwell suffered intensely. He shivered and froze in silence.

The old sailor had always his little blue cloth treasure. He whispered his troubles to it as he shivered in his wet bed—it was the one comfort nobody could take from him. He might shake with cold and wet all through a watch below, but there was ever before him the vision of that snug little store, the pretty, laughing girl whose big brown eyes yet held a trace of trouble. Somehow he grew to fasten the responsibility for that trouble on Larry. And, once established, his own grievance against the man smoldered fiercer.

When the tall clipper furled her sails in her home port again, Pegwell's bitterness against Larry Bland had intensified to such a degree as to surprise the old chap himself. Bitterness formed no part of his real nature. But it was winter again; the snow fell; the streets, from the ship, looked dreary and inhospitable. And old Pegwell had nothing but rags to cover his aching bones.

The rest of the fo'mast hands had drawn something on account of wages and gone ashore to spend that and mortgage the balance due. But not old Pegwell. He would carry ashore every dollar coming to him from the voyage he ought never to have made. He would buy a suit of clothes and stout shoes that would last, put the rest of his money in safe hands, then look for Larry.

"It'll be him and me fer it!" he muttered.

III.

THE ship paid off. Soulless wretches who had whined and cringed under the punishment of the rea rolled up bold and blusterous, full of hot courage at twenty-five cents a hot shot, cursing captain and mates and ship as they took their pitiful pay.

In an hour Pegwell entered the little store, and in ten seconds more a Cape Horn voyage in a cardcase packet was a vanished horror. The big brown eyes of Mary Bland glistened with welcome, even though at first they had been cloudy with uncertainty.

"I am so glad to see you again, Pegwell," she cried. "It was so good of you to change places with Larry. I hope you had a good voyage. Won't you come inside?"

Pegwell grinned sourly as he followed her into the smug little room behind the shop. He had meant to say something about that change of jobs. Instead, with warmth seeping through his bones clear to his heart, mellowing it again, he forgot Larry and smoked himself into rosy visions under the musical spell of her voice.

In an hour they were as intimate as before the Stella went out. Mary had told him, shyly, that Jack wanted a speedy wedding; she had barely hinted that brother Larry was a stumbling block, immediately suppressing the hint. She had offered to work Pegwell's name into the little blue housewife where the word "Larry" had been picked out; and when she took it from him her eyes were suspiciously moist. Pegwell noticed it, though the girl tried hard to hide her feelings.

THEN Jack came in, and old Pegwell went out. The gladness in Mary's eyes, the pride in those of the stalwart cripple, gave the old mariner a thrill. It made him boil, too. There was a couple just aching for each other, hindered by a waster of a brother not worth a crocodile's tear.

"Hullo, old Pegwell," smiled Jack as he passed. He stuck out a strong brown hand in a hearty grip. "Mighty glad to see you again. Ought to stay this time. Going to buy Mary's shop, she tells me. Hurry up, old fellow. She's keeping me waiting all on your account."

Jack laughed, and went to Mary's side, leaving Pegwell wondering. He waited out in the cold street until Jack came out, then joined him in his walk and put the question bluntly:

"What's Larry up to?"

Jack was serious. His smile fled at the blunt demand. Anger was in his eyes, but he dismissed it. Pegwell, shrewder perhaps than he was given credit for being, noticed these little things. He put two and two together handily enough, and found the amount was four—no more or less.

"I wish Larry would either get bumped off or caught with the goods, Pegwell," Jack said. "He's breaking Mary's heart. She won't believe any wrong about him, yet she knows he's bound hellbent for ruin. If he was dead she would be better off. The rat has taken all her little savings and is about eating up her profits now. She won't marry, though God knows Larry's way of living don't influence me a bit where she's concerned. If Larry got sent up for a long stretch it would be better for Mary, though she would mourn him as if he was dead. I wish she would get rid of the store, quit this neighborhood, and let me make her happy. But she won't, as long as that rat is loose."

"Didn't 'e go to work on the dock?" asked Pegwell, raging. "'E bunged me off in th' Stella and took my job, didn't he?"

"He held the job for one week and quit," Jack replied. "He said he'd made a killing at the races. Two watchmen since have either fallen off the dock at night or been thrown off." Jack was silent for a moment.

"PEGWELL," said Jack at length, "I'm glad you're home. You can do a lot for Mary. I ought not to mention this to a soul; but I believe you are her friend."

"Friend?" rasped Pegwell. "Mister, you're bloody foolish! That little gal kin use me fer a door mat, an' I'll show you what sort of friend I am fust time I set eyes on that Larry!"

"Not so loud," Jack whispered. They passed a policeman, who nodded to Jack. "Pegwell, they're out to get Larry now! I have done all I can. I can't shield him any longer. He's out of town for a while, but when he comes back he's going to be jumped on, and he'll get ten years."

"Wot d'you think I can do?" demanded Pegwell. "Can I save him when you can't? Want me to go up for him, same as I made a Cape voyage in a hell ship for him?" The old man was furious.

"You can only be a friend and comfort to Mary," said Jack quietly. Pegwell's wrinkled face was screwed up grotesquely with the intensity of his thought.

"Seems to me," he said, "if you was to sort of hurry her into a weddin', maybe you could do a bit o' comfortin' yourself. If I had money enough to offer to buy her shop off her I c'd take care o' the Larry rat."

"Oh, you have money enough," retorted Jack quickly. "Mary said long ago you could pay out of profits. You only need about a hundred to pay down. I guess you have that much."

Pegwell was apparently not listening; yet in fact he was. He seemed to be looking sheer through the cold, gray drizzle into the future, and if his worn, lined old face was any guide, what he saw in the dim perspective of imagination held more light than shadow.

"What's th' wust this yer Larry's done?" he suddenly asked. "Killed anybody?"

"Oh, no," replied Jack swiftly. "Nothing like that."

"Been wreckin' some young gal——"

"No more than he has wrecked Mary's youth," Jack interrupted. "He's just a plain crook. Dope smuggling; peddling, too. The worst he's done is to sell dope to school kids. Bad enough, I'd say."

"Not quite es bad es murder, I s'pose," Pegwell growled, "though be damned ef I know why it ain't. Anyhow, Jack, me lad, you take the advice of a old lummicks, marry Mary whether she wants to or not, and I'll promise to take care o' Larry. I'll see he don't git sent up. You tell her. I be going round tonight again and see how fur you're right about that hunderd down and hunderd when you ketch me shop purchase proppisition. S'long, Jack. Set them weddin' bells to ringin'."

Late that night Mary Bland bade Pegwell good night at the door of the little shop. She was rosy and smiling. Her brown eyes were wide and bright. Pegwell had never seen her so completely alive and gladsome. She shook his hand twice, and just for a tiny instant a speck of cloud flickered in her eyes.

"If you believe you can help Larry, I know you can," she said. "I know he will be safe in your care, old Pegwell."

"He'll git a man's chance, you kin make sartain," stated Pegwell. "Good night, Missy, an' Gawd keep you smilin'. I'll be around to meet Jack in the mornin' and settle about the shop. Forgit yer troubles. Th' cops don't want Larry. If they did they couldn't git him."

AT the end of the week Old Pegwell took undivided charge of the little shop, while Jack and Mary went about on some mysterious business connected with a license. Old Pegwell stood in the door watching them, and his old pipe emitted clouds of smoke in sympathy with the depth of his breathing. He felt queerly tight about the heart.

"Gawd bless 'em, goddammit!" he barked chokily.

A man came to buy tobacco. The two men stared at each other.

"Damn my eyes if 't ain't old Pegwell!" roared the mate of the Stella. "Come to moorings at last, hey, you old fox?"

"Aye, mister, you won't bullydam old Pegwell no more. When d'ye sail?"

The mate laughed, picking up his change.

"Next Saturday. I'll put yer name on yer old bunk. Or p'raps you'd like to sail bosun, hey?"

Pegwell laughed comfortably. He spread his feet wide as he stood again in the doorway, gazing after the rolling figure of the mate. At last, at last he was man enough to tell a first mate to go scratch his ear. He turned to go inside, for the air was cold in spite of the sun, and the shop must be kept warm, when a scurrying figure doubled the corner, burst in after him, and slammed the door.

Larry Bland stood there before him, panting, wild eyed.

"Where's Mary?" he rasped.

"Gone out, me son," said Pegwell grimly. "Just calm down. I own this here shop now. What kin I do for you?"

Larry glanced around the place furtively. He had a hunted look. Pegwell remembered Jack's words. A dark shape appeared against the glass of the door outside and Larry made for the inside room. Pegwell hastened him in as the door opened and a policeman entered.

"Larry Bland just came in here. Where is he?" he demanded.

"Orf'cer, Larry Bland shanghaied me a v'yage round Cape Stiff," grinned Pegwell. "D'you 'magine he'd come where I be?"

"I saw him open the door."

"Aye, an' he dam soon shut it agin!"

The policeman stepped to the door of the inner room and peered inside. Old Pegwell heaved a tremendous sigh of relief when he quickly turned and bolted from the shop. Larry had taken care of his own concealment. He crawled in through a rear window when Pegwell called his name.

"Where's Mary gone?" he asked hoarsely. Larry looked scared. "I got to get to her."

"You can't get to her," returned Pegwell. "If it's the coppers you're scared of, lay low and keep yer head. I won't let no cops git you, less you cuts up rough. You git upstairs to yer own room, while I thinks out what to do."

"You ain't gettin' even, are you?" snarled Larry suspiciously.

"In my own way, yes, me son. My way don't mean lettin' no cops git Mary Bland's brother. You duck into cover."

When Mary and Jack returned she ran up to old Pegwell and kissed him warmly. She blushed at his gaze and shyly showed him a brand-new wedding ring. Jack laughed.

"I took your advice, Pegwell," he said. "No time like the present. So now you're sole proprietor here. We'll come back tomorrow to get Mary's few belongings. Just now I want her to myself. So long. Come, Mary!"

They left quickly, leaving old Pegwell hot with unspoken felicitations. Larry crept down. He had heard Mary's voice.

"Get outa sight!" snapped Pegwell. "Dammit! The street's full o' coppers!"

Larry ducked. He was frankly terrified.

WHEN Mary appeared in the morning to pack her things Larry was securely out of sight. Old Pegwell had been busy all night. He had made a stout, roomy chest, iron cleated and hinged. He had made Larry help him, keeping him in mind of the police. Now Larry crouched in the big chest in the cellar, while Mary sang happily and packed her small trifles in the bright little rooms above.

"I do hope you will enjoy every hour here, Pegwell," Mary said when ready to leave. "Jack rather rushed me off my feet; but I'm glad, because he said you promised to see that Larry comes to no harm."

"Missy," replied Pegwell gravely, "I won't let Larry get into no trouble with the police. I'm goin' to try to make a man outa him. So good luck to you, and God bless you. May all yer troubles be little 'uns, and if so be you wants a rattle, why——"

The old fellow glanced around the little shop, seeking for the bundle of rattles that hung somewhere; but he felt a warm, moist kiss on his cheek, the door opened, and she was gone.

On Thursday the police visited the shop again. Larry was known to be in the district.

"He wuz here, but I ain't seen him today," said Pegwell. The old chap was in a sweating fret. Larry was getting impatient. He had demanded to see his sister and threatened to take his chance on the street. Pegwell had to lock the chest on him.

"He's likely to come back, then," decided the officer in charge. "One o' you camp here," he told one of his men.

"I don't think he'll bother me much," Pegwell volunteered. "He done me dirt and knows I'll git even."

Pegwell was outwardly cool; inwardly, when that policeman took up his station in the inner room, he was all a-quiver. The noon stream of customers came in and kept him busy; but he dreaded the quiet of the afternoon. Another policeman came to take a turn of duty over night, and slept in a chair in the back room. Pegwell, upstairs, remained awake all night, listening lest the officer go exploring, dreading every moment to hear some betraying sound from the cramped Larry in the cellar.

ALL day Friday he had no chance to give Larry either food or water. All he could do was to pass hurriedly by and murmur through the lid of the chest a few harsh words of reassurance that relief was at hand. In the evening he closed the shop, left the policeman in sole charge, and went out for an hour. When he came back he began to make up several small parcels of tobacco.

"Got a bit o' trade from the Stella," he told the policeman. "Nothin' like slops and tobacker for profits, mister. Ever think o' startin' a shop?"

"Shop, hell!" growled the policeman. "I deal in men, old salt."

"Men is queer, that's true," said Pegwell.

At eleven o'clock a cart rattled up to the door, loaded up with sea chests and bags, with two husky toughs beside the driver and a heap of brutish bodies snoring in the back.

"Come for th' slops an' tobacker," they said.

"Here's th' tobacker," said Pegwell. "Slop chest is in th' basement. Pretty heavy. I'll give y' a hand."

"We can handle it," returned the huskies, and one of them winked at Pegwell.

Pegwell chatted to the policeman as he handed out the tobacco parcels. He talked loudly, calling the policeman "officer" as the chest was carried past. That was for Larry's benefit. Otherwise Larry might wonder what was being done to him and make some unfortunate noise.

"All right?" asked Pegwell.

"O. K.", the leader said, and paid over the money he had been counting out to Pegwell. Pegwell carefully set it aside, to buy a wedding present for somebody he knew; then he joined the policeman for a good-night smoke, chatting quite brilliantly, surprising himself.

Before daylight the next morning old Pegwell was busy with broom and scraper on his sidewalk, for snow had fallen in the night. The water of the harbor was gray and cruel. Old Pegwell glanced out, shivered, and plied his broom. He was glad he had not to be out there, perhaps stamping around a capstan. It felt good to know that. It made him sing.

And awa-ay, Rio! Awa-ay, Rio!
Then fare you well, my bonny young gal,
For we're bound for Rio Grande!

From down the bay came the hoot of a tug. And, clear and sharp, metallically shattering the morning heaviness, came also the clack, clack, clack of capstan pawls, the "fare you well" of an outward bounder.

THE END

And Now Here Comes the

Mother-in-Law!

Have we done injustice to the Mother-in-Law all these years since Cain's wife cursed Eve for ruining Mankind's happiness by indulging in apple eating? It seems that there's more to the subject than hoary, silly jokes, and a triple mother-in-law with brains comes right out and says so. She applies common sense to the solution of the problem, and what she has to say will interest every person, young and old, who is, was, or will be, married. The article is entitled "The Mother-in-Law Speaks," and appears in

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

AN Article Which Reveals That the Shackles of the Law May Rest Very Lightly, Indeed, on Even Some of Our Most Respected Citizens

The Criminal

Pictures by
GLEN A. MITCHELL

A FEW months ago, entraining for my summer habitat, I stood in the vestibule between two cars. The passengers had been herded on board and the train had gathered considerable velocity, but the porter still stood on the lower step of his car, outside the vestibule door.

A splendid crime suddenly flashed into my brain. I had but to step forward, push down the floor platform with my foot, slam the door, and the porter would be left, clinging like a fly, to the perilous edge of the bottom step. In a moment we would plunge into the tunnel, where, in the dizzy blackness, the poor wretch would lose his hold, fall, and be . . . I stepped forward to consummate the act. In the roar of the tunnel his shrieks and frantic rappings would be unheard.

The conductor started his work of collecting tickets at the engine end of the train, far from where we stood; it would be long before he reached us. No one would know except me and I would be snoozing comfortably in my chair while the drama was enacted. I would read the newspaper headings next day with curious interest, "Pullman Porter Falls From Speeding Train."

All this flashed through my brain, perfect in every detail, as I crossed the platform and raised my foot to play the part of dread Nemesis. At this instant the porter turned round and began clambering up the steps. I shrank back, aghast. The face was one I knew. It was Wiggins, with whom I had formed a pleasant friendship during my weekly peregrinations. He had told me about his wife and children. And I had all but destroyed him.

Shaken with emotion, I staggered down the aisle and collapsed in my seat. It was horrible. I covered my eyes in a sickening revulsion of feeling, trying to blot out my dreadful impulse.

What had caused it? What demon had stood at my elbow, there, in the vestibule, urging me to the horrid act? Had he gotten aboard with me? Was he a part of me, my evil genius, the He I might have been, might yet be?

In the first panic of rehabilitation wild thoughts rushed, pell mell, through my mind. Fiercely I sought to rationalize the intended act, accusing Freud and the current chatterings of the subconscious, the newspapers with their daily chronicles of crime, the clever pleadings of alienists who justify matricide on the grounds of a lollypop denied in infancy. Had I ever been denied a lollypop? I asked myself. No, lollypops had not been invented in my early years. A package of chewing gum was my desideratum.

Thus, as the mental storm subsided, my mind was led back to the threshold of consciousness. I saw myself at the age of eight, my curls but recently shorn, wearing my first short trousers, with a blue denim shirtwaist that buttoned with large bone buttons on to the nether garments. It was the Age of Innocence. But was it?

NO, a more than suspicion blackened the fair picture. I had not been innocent. Had I ever been, even as an infant in arms? Dark memories came back to me of a tale my parents used to tell, with much laughter, of how, when I could barely walk, I had toddled to the crib side of a still younger brother who was in the process of being weaned.

The young flew thick and fast in those brave days. Standing beside the crib, I plucked the succulent bottle from the tiny, helpless hands and drank it myself. I even recalled a black hint that I had dealt the month-old victim a resounding blow on his soft shelled head. It was too dreadful. I might have been the death of him.

There it stood in all its hideousness. I had been criminal from birth, endowed in swaddling cloths with motives of robbery and murder. Yet my parents had been nice people. Theirs was what was known as a refined Christian home.

One thought comforted me. When I struck the possibly fatal blow at my brother's ripening melon I had not been conscious of the act. No venom had inspired it. I did not retain the slightest memory of it and only knew of it through my parents, who seemed to be amused rather than repelled by it. What more likely then that they recognized something of themselves in it, that this singular, uncontrollable instinct of mine spoke to them of their own youth; in short, that all humankind is born with a tendency to err?

The more I groped in my own past, which,

A frank examination of our beautiful desire to bust things wide open.

in Us All

An Article by
GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

after all, is the only trustworthy document given us and one which we seldom have the courage to read without expurgating it for our own consumption, the more I became convinced that this was the case. Wordsworth, in his immortal Ode on the Intimations of Immortality—a title as ponderous as the old lakeside bard himself—intimates that we reached this sphere "trailing clouds of glory, from heaven, which is our home."

Very pretty. Very pretty, indeed, but, examining the record, I failed to find any very glorious aura surrounding my own first steps. I saw instead an atmosphere of crime from which I have, only lately, partly emancipated myself.

Sinking deeper in my comfortable chair, face to face with myself, I tabulated some of my more heinous offenses.

CRIMES OF ADOLESCENCE.

ADOLESCENCE is the Gang Era, the age of criminal combination and organized banditry. Only your superyouth goes it alone. The average requires the assistance and support of his fellows. The operations of my particular gang were diverse and ingenious, ranging from minor offenses such as cruelty to aged relatives up, or down, to house breaking and larceny.

We had no pyromaniacs in our set, as I recall it, but we had almost everything else. Our acts might, perhaps, be listed as cases after the manner of the law which we so skillfully evaded. Let us consider a few of them.

As Case 1, cruelty to aged relatives, I recall our treatment of Aunt Sarah. Aunt Sarah was going on seventy-five and almost blind. The poor creature was also insanely fond of shad. To me the combination of those two statements is pathetic in itself. But it did not so appear to me at that time.

She used to eat her favorite fish with the aid of a powerful reading glass which enlarged the bones and made it possible for her to segregate them from the toothsome meat, making a neat pile of each. This done, she would lay down her glass and thrust her fork into the carefully amassed nourishment.

On an evil day—for Aunt Sarah—my brother and I—the same little innocent whom I have so touchingly described in his cradle—concocted a dastardly plot. At a given signal my brother distracted the old lady's attention by some prank while I, with a deft gesture, turned her plate so that shad bones and meat occupied reversed positions.

I think we had picked up the trick out of Grimm's Fairy Tales, wherein some youthful hero switches the glasses on a giant. At any rate, it worked. Aunt Sarah conveyed a large bundle of bones into her mouth. The poor old dear went immediately out of business. She might just as well have inhaled a package of needles. Brother and I ran for water and bolts of bread. We were a great help, from then on.

In the larger activities of the gang, outside the influences of the Christian home, we dealt with some of the older notables of the town, among others ex-Senator Brown, a noble, important old party who had a way of walking up our street, his head thrown back with the air of one who saw it for the first time in spite of his fifty years' residence.

We rang his doorbell as we passed as a matter of custom. In his later years, growing more irascible, the Senator used to attempt a futile pursuit, lying in wait for us and dashing out with a world of speed for the first twenty yards. A clothesline, stretched tightly across his doorway, a foot above the sill, brought him down with a crash that well-nigh rent him asunder. Finding that he could no longer even come to the door, let alone pursue his quarry, we gave him up as an exempt victim.

In a second category I recall deeds of depredation, done in that lovely moment "between the dark and the daylight which is known as the children's hour." Dear happy children, what fun we had the evening we sneaked our way into the old Barker residence!

It was summer, I remember, and the family was in Europe. How thrillingly mysterious it was, up under the cavernous mansard, where we swam in the limited waters of the house tank. The water was deliciously warm, under the slate roof, and, after paddling for an hour, we practiced the giant swing and skinning the cat on some of the overhead plumbing pipes, one or two sections of which came down. We forgot all about this and it was not discovered until the Barkers returned in the fall and the water was turned on. No automatic fire extinguisher could have operated more efficiently.

OUR larcenous talents were employed mainly at the expense of Penny Smith, a merchant whose title was derived from the price of most of his goods as well as from a meanness which was bounded only by the innocence of his customers. But, as you may have already gathered, we were not as innocent as we looked. Not by a jugful!

Peppermint sticks were a penny each at Penny Smith's. When a particularly angelic looking child, as I was in those far days, tend-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In a moment we would plunge into the tunnel. In the dizzy blackness the poor wretch would lose his hold, fall and be . . .

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

ered his penny in payment Penny Smith had a pleasant habit of making up, assembling, so to speak, what he considered a full length stick from the broken fragments with which his jars were always filled. If your purchase happened to turn out one-third lemon, one-third paregoric, and a scant third peppermint it made no difference to the vender, who turned away to attend to a more important customer. He tried this on a number of the gang and it rankled.

Our reprisals consisted in taking whatever he offered us for our pennies, from dusty all day suckers to stale chocolate mice. . . . I can taste those mice today, with their thin, shellacked covering and filling of chalky blue white; I can feel the string tails which I used to pull between my teeth . . . we used to accept this poor nourishment, making much discussion over what we should buy, and walk out of the little shop, our pockets bulging with mysterious bumps. At a safe distance up the street the loot would be compared.

"What d'ya get?"

"Gee! A lignum-vitey top. Lookit!"

"Gee whillikins, a reel agate! Les' try it."

Robbery for revenge. It was glorious. Poor Penny Smith, he made little off our trade.

Who can fathom some of the mysterious crimes that were committed in our community during that golden era? Whose craft and skill managed to insert the shopworn cream puff in our dear teacher's desk bell so that, when she struck it sharply for the class dismissal, she had to seek the retiring room on the run?

Who took the coupling pin out of the fast freight so that when they pulled out for Boston they left the caboose behind? Who left a bonfire burning in Darrow's Woods and nearly burned up the poorhouse? Who turned the gate valve at the reservoir and dried up the town for twenty-four hours?

Dear, sweet companions of my youth! I turned their pictures o'er as I sat in my comfortable chair. Tom is in the Senate now, Henry is a judge, Eustace an eminent engineer. What a charming rogues' gallery they make.

THE SUPPRESSIONS OF MANHOOD.

OF course, we outgrew these wicked instincts, or, at least, that is the way we like to put it. I wonder, sometimes, if we ever really have. Doesn't crime fascinate us all as much as it ever did? From a front page perusal of any newspaper it would seem to be the favorite pabulum of these United States.

A mediocre crook drama is a knockout; a romance of piracy on the high seas holds us spellbound. We lose interest only when the villain reforms. Destruction lurks within us all, the germ of a glorious, daring lawlessness that shall break all bounds, laugh at the police, and slip, eel-like, through the hands of M. le Commissaire.

Custom binds our hands. We do not "obey that impulse" and hurl a brick through the plate glass window for the sheer joy of hearing it crash. No, we walk sedately to our homes and try to look innocent to our little ones.

I suppose that the necessity of preaching to the oncoming generation is one of the mainstays of society. Yet, ever and anon, the old, wild, innocent urge comes over us to bust things wide open, to bid law and order go sit on a tack while, at one fell swoop, we attain the dizzy eminence of the utterly incorrigible.

But we never quite do, which is doubtless all for the best. Something happens to prevent. The porter turns round, or something.

I was roused from my highly immoral reverie by the calling of my station. Wiggins dusted me off, murmuring sweet nothings of friendship, which were triply renewed when he glanced at the tip I handed him. But I felt it was his due, a sort of *amende honorable.* He little knew how nearly I had removed him from his cheerful rounds.

THE END

Let One of Liberty's
Limericks Checks
Help Make Your Christmas Merry

MAYBE 1925 is going to be your lucky year! Anyway, here's a good way to find out. Men, women, children—everybody!—can compete in Liberty's new and interesting contest. It doesn't make any difference where you live. All you have to do is to write one line, and send it in. It's easy and it's fun. But, besides that, it's a good way to find out what the New Year has in store! So here we go again, folks . . .

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

A man who had just drawn his pay
Went holiday shopping one day.
The crowd wrecked his hat,
His coat and cravat

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—
LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of December 20)

$500 a Week for Limericks

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of November 22. The Limerick read as follows:

Our cook on a Thanksgiving Day
Fixed a turkey the old-fashioned way,
And when it was served
The guests all observed

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote are:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

That it should have been eaten last May.
Written by LUCILE LUNEMAN,
2211 Scott Boulevard, Covington, Kentucky.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

That the turkey had met with "fowl" play.
Written by MRS. R. W. LOBBIN,
155 Lockwood Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

That the turkey was older than they.
Written by MRS. ERNEST SHAFER,
Box 446, Lake Forest, Illinois.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

That the bird was too large for the tray.
Written by KATHERINE ARMSTRONG,
701 East Harrison Street, Porterville, California

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

The old-fashioned way is O. K.
Written by LINCOLN RAPPLEYE,
228 Grand Boulevard, East, Detroit, Michigan

For the five best lines submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon above, Liberty will pay the following big cash—

PRIZES:

First Prize - - - $250
Second Prize - 100
Third Prize - - 75
Fourth Prize - 50
Fifth Prize - - - 25

$500 More for Limericks Next Week!

Better Hurry!

Complete the Limerick in the Coupon Above

Remember that a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.* Send in as many Limericks as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. Note the date when *this week's* contest closes, and send in your answer at once. If you're too late to enter this week's contest get an earlier start next week. We want everybody to have a chance.

All Last Lines for THIS WEEK'S Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, DECEMBER 27.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

PATTERNS TO SUIT YOUR PERSONALITY

By
PATRICIA

2100

2254

2234

2258

2023

PERSONALITY—that vague something which sets you off from your neighbor—can very often be traced to your clothes. Not only should the things you wear become the face and figure, but they should also harmonize with your personality. In order to accomplish this you must select that which you wear with particular care.

Perhaps you are of that type which wears clinging silks to accentuate your charm. Even your sports clothes are not allowed to be masculine in any way.

Gorgeous hues have fascination for you and express your sprightly self when all the world seems kin. When your gloomy moods loom up, wear the loveliest, gayest thing you have. Whatever you do, don't resort to just "any old thing" in a "don't care" manner.

If you are stately and dignified with a reputation for always being correct no matter what the occasion may be, don't ever appear in something strictly ingénue. You must always possess the charm of magnificence.

The woman who is her own dressmaker finds it more within her power to suit this individuality of hers than does the woman who buys her clothes ready made.

Besides, by making your own clothes you gradually learn a great deal about yourself, and in doing so it becomes easy to select those things that are suited to your personality.

Pattern No. 2100 is a one-piece dress that gives the effect of a separate tunic very delightfully. Made in plain and printed velvet and trimmed with fur, you would have as charming a dinner or afternoon frock as you could wish for. Plaid taffeta and satin is another excellent combination. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, and 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material with 1⅛ yards 36 inch contrasting and 1½ yards fur banding.

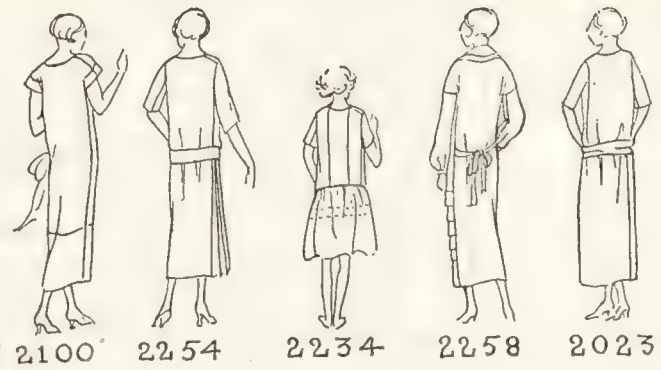
For general wear the straight-line dress shown in design No. 2254 is suggested. Fine woolen materials such as kasha, twill, and French serge may be used. Bengaline, silk crêpe, and satin are also suitable. Pattern No. 2254 is cut in sizes 16 years, and 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40 inch material with ⅛ yard 15 inch contrasting.

For a junior girl's "best" no more becoming style could be selected than the little basque style of taffeta, velvet, or fancy cotton shown in pattern No. 2234. It cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yards of 40 inch material with 1⅝ yards of 1¼ inch banding.

Tiers make a pretty effect when they trim the front of a satin, silk crêpe, or bengaline afternoon dress, like pattern No. 2258, which cuts in sizes 16 years, and 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40 inch material with ¾ yard 36 inch contrasting.

A dress that will emphasize dignity and charm as well is shown in pattern No. 2023. The left side is trimmed with an inset of patterned silk, while a box plaited panel on the right side lends grace to the straight skirt.

Dress pattern No. 2023 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40 inch material with 1½ yards 10 inch contrasting.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P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number	Size	Price
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Suggested for the older woman is the charming black silk coat dress at the right. Fan shaped and fringed appliques of black ribbon are used in conjunction with self-covered buttons. Black silk fringe tassels; circular godets at sides and front; bands of the satin side of a black crepe-back satin on the crepe surface of the background—these are the outstanding style points of the next model. Third, a striped black satin from Philippe et Gaston is combined with black crepe and henna crepe. Left, a coat-frock of henna duvetyn is sashed in self-material with a picot edge attached by gunmetal buckle and exploits shaved seal for the final touch.

Smart Costumes Seen at Exclusive Restaurants

by Corinne Lowe

GO TO the really smart restaurant, if you would learn what well-dressed folk are wearing. For at the fashionable resorts in New York one may learn what styles have been chosen from the many autumn modes called.

First, there are coats. The most popular of these for restaurant wear seem to be of black, and the slim, straight-line models are usually trimmed with very narrow bands of fur.

Such bands are, in fact, a feature of the season's modes. Yet it is a matter of interest that their use is restricted chiefly to the straight-line coat. The flaring model usually retains the very wide bands to which we are accustomed.

Between these two extremes of the narrow and flaring coat lie the cape and the cape back, the Directoire high waist, the bloused upper section and the wraparound coat closing under the right arm. To this list may be added with especial emphasis the double-breasted coat of mannish mixture, lapelled, slit in the back, and corresponding exactly to a man's overcoat, which was inspired by the Prince of Wales' visit to Paris last spring.

This coat is, of course, not a dressy garment. It is designed for shopping, for the outdoor event, and the morning saunter, but one often finds its wearer dropping in on some hallowed lunch resort. Its complement is, of course, the felt hat, and the frock assumed with it is apt to be one of those half and half mixtures of sports and street so much done at present.

This reminds me that the "Wales" coat was thrown back at a certain restaurant the other day to reveal the jumper-frock inspired this year by Chanel. It was of jersey in Burgundy red, its tight sleeves were cuffed in matching grosgrain, which, tied in a bow at the neck, extended a narrow panel down the front of the jumper.

The ensemble suit is always represented where the fashionable congregate. Nor has the good old-fashioned suit been banished from the landscape. The strange part is that most of these are so unfalteringly plain. At the Horse Show I saw a woman of international social fame wearing a brown suit that might just as well have been made five years ago. The unfitted finger tip length jacket belonged to no era. Only by her accessories — mink scarf, high-crowned brown felt hat, pearl necklace, nude stockings, and one-strap dark tan pumps—did you get any clew as to the period.

And, let me say in connection with accessories, that the scarf of mink, silver fox, sable, or fisher takes precedence over all others.

Anything *But the* Truth

By CAROLYN WELLS

Trapped in a Steel Room, Detective Thorne Nevertheless Escapes Death and Unmasks the Murderer of Lennox, the Butler for Eldridge, the Slain Millionaire. But—Who Killed Eldridge, and Why?

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

Eighth Installment of a Thrilling Serial of Love, Baffling Crime, and Mystery

What Has Happened Thus Far in the Story:

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, financier and man of many secrets, is found brutally murdered, in broad daylight, on the porch of his summer home in Shoredale. A carving knife had been driven into his heart and the murderer had escaped unseen.

LORRAINE, his beautiful adopted daughter, had been lying in a hammock near by, and she is at once suspected of the crime. She tells the authorities how she and

GRANT MAXWELL had been begging Eldridge, a few minutes before the tragedy, to consent to their engagement, and how he had refused, declaring Maxwell's snobbish mother did not think Lorraine good enough for her son. She had then sent Maxwell away, hoping to persuade her father. A few days after the astonishing crime, as she and Maxwell return from a midnight meeting in the Rambler arbor on the Eldridge grounds, the cloaked figure of a woman darts from the Eldridge house. Lorraine recognizes the woman as

MRS. MAXWELL, mother of Grant, who, it is learned later, had been searching for some mysterious private papers. Lorraine, entering the house, finds

LENNOX, the butler, dead on the library floor — murdered. Fearing Mrs. Maxwell stabbed him to death, she keeps her secret, but

ESSIE, a prying maid who has seen her, tells all, and Lorraine is suspected of this slaying also by

BENNETT, the coroner, and

SERGEANT STILES, a police detective, working on the Eldridge murder mystery. In her dilemma Lorraine turns to

PETER THORNE, a self-made detective. Thorne, seeking the slayer or slayers of Eldridge and Lennox, interviews Mrs. Maxwell and satisfies himself she is guiltless, although she admits her midnight visit to the Eldridge home. She hints that she knows the murderer of Lennox. Through

SARAH and LOUIS MERSEREAU, sister and brother-in-law of the slain Eldridge, Thorne finds that

LAWYER CROSBY, in charge of the Eldridge estate, has a key that will unlock the secret hiding place of Eldridge's private papers, but does not know the location of the hiding place, which probably contains Lorraine's lost adoption papers giving her the Eldridge property, the secret of her identity, and the tell-tale clew to the Eldridge murder. Thorne finally finds the hiding place behind a panel in Eldridge's bedroom—and goes to Crosby's home to demand the key. He is followed by

EDWARD MILES, seventeen years old, and ambitious to be a detective, who waits outside to see what will happen. And now you are ready to go on with the story.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PRISONER

PETER THORNE was not easily intimidated.

"I have not admitted, Mr. Crosby, that I have found any lock to fit the key in your possession; but if I had, I'm not able to see any reason why I should tell you where it is."

"You most certainly should, because I am Mr. Eldridge's lawyer and have charge of all his financial and personal papers."

Thorne suddenly decided that it would be better to put all his cards on the table.

"Mr. Crosby," he said, "supposing that I have discovered a hidden receptacle which may or may not contain private papers of Mr. Eldridge's; supposing you have a key which may or may not fit that lock, will you agree to have the box opened in the presence of the police? Shall we ask Mr. Stiles to accompany us——"

"Indeed, we will do nothing of the sort. Why should the police be present at the examination of my client's papers?"

"Very well; then you and I will go together——"

"No; nor that, either. As confidential adviser to Mr. Eldridge, it devolves on me to maintain secrecy concerning some of his affairs, and I cannot consent to having anyone present when I open his boxes."

"But how can you open his boxes when you don't know where they are?"

Thorne purposely used the term boxes with the intent of leading Crosby's thoughts away from the hidden place that he had really found.

"I shall know where they are, because you are going to tell me. As you are well aware, you are compounding a felony by refusing to tell——"

"I'm not refusing to tell; I'm merely stipulating that I shall be present at the disclosure of their contents."

Crosby considered. "Well, well," he said, at last, "I can see no reason against that; for, if there is a necessity for further secrecy, you will see it as I do, and keep the matter confidential."

"Doubtless," returned Thorne.

"Then, as you have practically implied that the place we're after is in the Eldridge house, let us go over there."

"Now?"

"Yes—or, rather, as soon as we have had a cup of tea. I've enough of the English habit to want my tea of an afternoon."

The lawyer touched a bell, and, when a servant responded, he ordered tea brought at once.

"While we're waiting," he said, "let me show you some of my rare books and curios. Here is my collection of millefleurs paper weights. Fine ones, as you see, but not including a specimen of the 'snow storm' variety, such as Eldridge possessed. After the Eldridge estate is finally settled, I mean to try to buy that piece from the heirs. It is a rare bit of workmanship."

THE two men strolled about the room, and the lawyer showed his treasures with a pride that seemed to Thorne a little childish. Not a collector himself, he took small interest in the old volumes and rare prints.

"My very choicest books are in here." And Crosby opened a small door which proved to be an entrance to a tiny room or, more properly speaking, a large closet. It was constructed of steel, and the door was like a safe door. It was, in fact, a sort of vault or strong room for the safekeeping of his rarest volumes. The two men stepped inside, and Thorne exclaimed in admiration at the array of fine and ornate bindings, as well as other books, old and worn in appearance, but of inestimable value.

"A beautiful collection," the detective said, noting the titles and authors' names.

"Yes," said Crosby, in a changed voice. Thorne, looking up quickly, saw the lawyer standing with his back against the door.

"Forget the books for a moment, Mr. Thorne," the lawyer said, with a wave of his hand toward the shelves; "let's discuss this little matter of the hiding place you have discovered in the Eldridge house. Suppose you tell me just why you are unwilling to divulge your secret."

"For the simple reason, Mr. Crosby, that I am the detective on this case, and, as such, have quite as good a right to keep my findings to myself as you have, in your position of confidential lawyer."

"But the fact that I am a lawyer might suggest to you that I have the knowledge and power to bring about legal reprisals that would make things pretty uncomfortable for you."

"I'll brave that danger." Thorne gave a shrug of his shoulders that expressed an indifference he was far from feeling. He didn't like the gleam in Crosby's eyes, and he added impulsively, "What you are staging here is a holdup for information about that keyhole!"

"Don't put it so crudely. But that information I want and propose to get."

"I gather that you mean to go off by yourself and hunt that keyhole. But you won't find it, Mr. Crosby. I found it by the merest chance—a chance not likely to happen to you."

"Yet it may. However, you'll make things a

Peter Thorne was on the verge of utter collapse. "Don't die, Mr. Thorne, oh, don't die!" the boy urged.

lot easier for yourself, and for me, too; if you'll tell me where it is. *Will you?"*

"No, damn you!" cried Thorne, his temper giving way.

"All right, then."

Crosby stepped out of the little room, the door swinging swiftly shut after him.

And then Peter Thorne regretted his hasty decision.

He wondered how long the air in the tiny place would last. Not long, he felt sure. Crosby had slipped the grating that closed the ventilator, so, when he had breathed up his present allowance of air, he must perforce pass out. He idly wondered whether suffocation was painful or not.

A moment's investigation had proved to him the utter impossibility of escape from his prison. He could not make anyone hear by pounding on the door or by shouting.

The light remained bright, and Thorne discovered there was no way to extinguish it from the inside. Apparently all the switches and locks and ventilator fastenings were on the other side of the door. This was logical, for, ordinarily, the little room was used only

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

with the door open. Thorne faced the situation with outer calmness, but his mind was in a turmoil.

Lawyer Crosby at that moment was sitting in Austin Eldridge's room in the very same chair Thorne had sat in when he looked for the secret cupboard.

Beside him, on a small table, was the snow-storm paper weight, which he turned over again and again, watching the snowflakes whirl and settle.

To him came Lorraine, asking why he was there.

"To help you," he responded, gravely. "Do you know, Lorraine, that unless we find your adoption papers you will be not only a pauper and a nameless outcast, but you will soon be arrested for murder?"

WITH a half-stifled cry the girl fell into a chair. Crosby watched her silently.

"Me!" she whispered. "Arrested for murder! Of father?"

"Yes, just that. The police are desperate. They are bound to arrest somebody, and they hold you the only available suspect. They claim you had both motive and opportunity. You will be what they call railroaded, and that means you will be arrested, tried, and convicted without much chance to put up a fight. Now, listen to me. It is possible I may be able to save you, but I will only do so on one condition. You know?"

Lorraine did know, but she would not admit it.

"What?" she said, and her tone was defiant.

"That you marry me. Think, before you reply. I know you are in love, or imagine you are, with young Maxwell. But his mother will never permit that marriage—I know her better than you do—and I could make you very happy as my wife. Say yes, dearest. Say you will marry me, and I will guarantee to find your adoption papers before I leave this room. They are here. I'm sure of it. And then, as Austin Eldridge's legal heir, you won't be dependent on any will at all. You will be sole inheritor, and that fact will remove all breath of suspicion against you. So think, dear, before you speak."

"I don't have to think! I know whom I love, whom I intend to marry, and it is not you, Mr. Crosby. I wonder you have the presumption to suggest such a thing!"

"There, there, now, don't take that tone with me! Don't you realize, you little fool, that I can make you or break you? That I can let you be railroaded to the electric chair or save you from it?"

"No, I don't realize it, and I don't believe it. Where is Mr. Thorne?"

"I believe he has returned to New York. He said he was obliged to give up the case, and I think it was because he felt that the inevitable outcome would be your arrest, and he didn't want to stay here until that occurred. I fancy he is in love with you—as who isn't, you lovely thing!"

Lorraine looked at him, her lip curled in contempt. Then she turned and left the room.

ED MILES was in a quandary. He had followed Peter Thorne, unobserved, until he saw the detective go into the Crosby house. Then he had hung about, waiting for Thorne to reappear. But, after a long wait, he had seen Crosby come out of the house alone.

Where, then, was Thorne?

There might be many answers to that question, but none of them seemed quite to fit, and so Ed Miles wondered. He distrusted the lawyer; he knew Peter Thorne distrusted him, too. Could he have hurt him? Could they have had a fight and Thorne been worsted? Was he even now in the Crosby house with a broken leg or a twisted arm?

Ed was imaginative and often surmised dangers where none was present.

But he had a queer, uncanny feeling now that all was not right with his friend. He pondered over the matter, half of a mind to go into the house and demand knowledge of Peter. This, he felt, would be a rash proceeding, but the impulse was too strong to be resisted.

He went up the steps of the Crosby house, and his ring was answered by a stern looking and pompous butler.

Revising his plan, Miles asked for Mr. Crosby.

"He's not at home," was the reply.

"All right," Ed said jauntily. "I'll come in and wait for him. I've an important message that must be given to him personally."

This was not an unknown occurrence in the lawyer's life, and the butler made no objection, but showed the lad into the reception hall to wait.

Left alone, Ed's eyes roved about, and, after a few moments, he rose and peeped into the adjoining rooms. He heard no sounds, for Miss Crosby was out, as well as her brother, and the servants were in their basement quarters.

More plainly than ever did the boy feel that something was wrong. He was positive Thorne had not left the house, for he was an indefatigable watcher and would certainly have seen him go.

Uncertain what course to pursue, the boy strolled into the library, and was, therefore, very near to the incarcerated detective.

But, as each was unaware of the other's proximity, no help was asked or offered.

At last Miles began, quite unconsciously, to whistle. Not loudly, but in a clear, high key, which, by chance, pierced the door of the bookroom or in some way made itself audible through the chinks of the ventilator.

By this time Peter Thorne had given up all hope of rescue and was beginning to feel the lack of sufficient oxygen.

But the sound of that whistle gave him new strength, and, recognizing in a moment that it was Ed Miles, he strove himself to whistle.

It was hard work, for his strength was failing and his breath coming in gasps. But he managed to emit a shrill, sharp whistle, which, after two or three efforts, reached the ears of Ed Miles.

The boy stopped his own whistling and listened eagerly. Again he faintly heard that sound, quite evidently from some closet or closed place.

He looked quickly about and discovered the little bookroom.

"Locked in there!" he exclaimed to himself. "Golly! What shall I do?"

He ran to the locked door, the key of which was in Crosby's pocket. His efforts to open it were unavailing.

"Say, Mr. Thorne, you in there?" he called, not too loudly, for fear of some servant's overhearing.

A dull, almost inaudible moan responded, for the effort of whistling had been almost too much for Thorne's fast fleeting strength.

"I'm on," Ed told him. "Just tell me where Crosby is! At the Eldridge house? Thought so. I'm off. Now, Mr. Thorne, don't give out. Hold on a few minutes and I'll be back with help."

Thorne really revived at this hope of delivery. It was not a sure thing, he well knew, but Ed Miles was a smart chap and he would waste not a minute of precious time.

BUOYED up, Thorne began again to breathe slowly and at intervals, sure that if he could live a little longer he would be freed. Yet he also knew on what slight chance his hope rested. If Crosby had left the Eldridge house, if he could not be found, if he had thrown away the key of the bookroom or hidden it securely—oh, what was the use of wondering! In a very few moments now he must be saved or—dead.

He waited. And as he waited he sank into an oblivion. His last conscious thought was "Good boy, Ed—but too late, too late."

Miles ran. He ran faster than he had ever before run in his life. His first stop was the police station, where he picked up Stiles, merely shouting, "Come, come, quick! Matter of life and death!"

Stiles knew the lad well enough to trust his statement. They ran together to the Eldridge house and burst in at the door. It was an

astonished Milliken who met them in the hall.

"What in the mischief——" she began, but Ed interrupted her.

"Mr. Crosby here? Get him quick. *Quick.*"

So efficient was Milliken's response to this order that in a moment she was fairly pushing a somewhat reluctant Crosby in from an adjoining room.

"Where's the key of your bookroom?" Miles demanded. "The little one. Mr. Thorne is locked in there by mistake." He stared hard at Crosby as he said this. He knew it was devil's work on Crosby's part, but he felt it would be wiser to call it an accident. "I brought Mr. Stiles along to help us."

And it was the fact that Miles did bring Stiles along that insured the success of his efforts. Crosby was afraid to withhold the key with the policeman there, and so he said, as if astonished, "Thorne? In my bookroom! How did that happen?"

"Dunno, Mr. Crosby, and there's no time to wonder now. Hand over the key! I can get back there quicker than you can, and there's surely need for hurry."

Stiles was beginning to catch on. He glared sternly at Crosby, who, with obvious unwillingness, produced the key from his pocket.

"I don't know about this," he began, but Ed Miles snatched the key from his hand and ran. As he ran he called back to Milliken, "You get a doctor on the telephone and tell him to come double quick to Mr. Crosby's house. Mr. Thorne is in a bad way."

Ed Miles spoke the truth. When he raced back to the Crosby place, flung in, unannounced, rushed to the library, and unlocked the door of the little bookroom Peter Thorne was just on the verge of utter collapse.

"Don't die, Mr. Thorne! Oh, don't die!" the boy urged, dragging the inert form out through the open doorway into the revivifying air of the library. "Please, sir, don't die!"

"Don't you realize, you little fool, that I can make you or break you; that I can let you be railroaded to the electric chair?"

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LENNOX

AS the fresh air from the open windows filled Peter Thorne's tortured lungs he opened his eyes and smiled gratefully on young Miles.

And then the doctor came, and under his ministrations the detective was soon his own man again, though shaken in nerve by the terrible experience he had passed through.

When he felt well enough to walk he made straight for the Eldridge house.

"My land, sir!" cried Milliken as she admitted him. "Whatever ailed you that you wanted the doctor in such an endurin' hurry? And, lordy, but you look sick now!"

"Where's Miss Lorraine," he demanded, "and how is she?"

"She's up in her room, Mr. Thorne, and she ain't so well. And no wonder, neither. What she's been through would put most folks sick a-bed."

"Has Mr. Crosby been here today?"

"He's in and out all the time. I can't keep track of his traipsin's."

"Was he upstairs in Mr. Eldridge's bedroom this afternoon?"

"That I can't say, me bein' engaged in other parts. But likely 's not he was."

"Never mind; I'll find out. I'm going up there, and then I want to see Miss Lorraine. Send her there to me, will you, Milliken?"

"That I will, sir."

Thorne went upstairs, and, as he had felt certain it would be, the snow-storm paperweight had been turned over. The telltale snowflakes were grouped in a totally different arrangement, and he knew it must have been Crosby who had done it. A quick investigation showed, however, that the wily lawyer had not succeeded in finding the keyhole. When, in a few moments, Lorraine came, he decided to confide in her.

"I have found your father's secret hiding place," he said gravely. "At least, I feel quite sure I have done so. But Mr. Crosby has the key to it, and will not give it up. Of course, we could break in if we got police sanction, but I'd rather unlock it decently and in order."

"Do you think it will disclose proofs of my legal adoption?" the girl asked wistfully.

"I think it extremely probable, as you say Mr. Eldridge frequently told you that such papers were in his possession."

"And will they, perhaps, tell who were my real parents?"

"That is also probable," Thorne began; but, at the look of terror that came to Lorraine's eyes, he paused suddenly.

"DON'T you want that known?" he asked gently.

"I—I don't know." She was clearly ill at ease.

"Then you already know the truth about that?"

"I—I'm afraid I do."

"Miss Lorraine"—Thorne took her two hands in his own and looked deep into her eyes—"I think it my duty to speak to you plainly. That secret box is going to be opened soon. If there are papers in it that you know of and that you don't want made public, you must employ a lawyer to look after your interests—and it must *not* be Mr. Crosby."

"No—I don't want him any longer." The flush that rose to her cheeks told Thorne the truth.

"He's been making love to you?" There was no use now beating about the bush. It was no time for overcareful reticence.

"Yes—at least he asked me to marry him and—oh, Mr. Thorne, he is so dreadful!"

"He is, indeed, Miss Eldridge. He just now tried to murder me."

"To murder you! How?"

Thorne told her in a few words of the episode of the bookroom and of young Miles' timely rescue.

She was grave and thoughtful at the revelation of Crosby's dastardly action.

"Then you think," she said slowly, "I should get another lawyer at once?"

"Yes, before that box is opened. Miss Eldridge, what do you fear from its revelations? Regarding your birth, I mean?"

"I don't quite know, myself. But, only a short time before—before he died, father whispered to me a secret so strange, so incredible that I can't believe it. I think he was demented, to a degree; that his mind was affected; that he was wandering."

"But he wasn't ill at all?"

"No; yet I think he feared some disaster,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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apprehended some danger. Oh, I don't know, Mr. Thorne—it may be only my imagination—but I think the last two weeks of his life my father was afraid of something."

"Of course, I did not know Mr. Eldridge," said Thorne, "but, from what I have heard since I've been here, he was not a man easily intimidated."

"No, he was not. That's why I think something had come into his life very recently that made him fear, perhaps expect, the fate that did overtake him."

"You don't suspect anybody, Miss Eldridge?"

"No, I don't. Unless——"

"Ah, you mean Crosby. No. Put that out of your mind once and for all. He was in the dining room at the White Unicorn at the time your father must have been killed. So far as your father is concerned, Crosby's alibi is perfect, but—your father's death is not the only case."

"You mean?"

He answered her with one word: "Lennox."

She thought a minute, nodded her head slowly, and said, "Yes, you may be right—Lennox."

"But the difficulty will be to prove it."

"Yes," she said; "but I think we *can* prove it."

Thorne looked at her in surprise. "How?" he asked.

"Well, it would be most unpleasant to drag Mrs. Maxwell into it; but I am sure she knows something about it. I think, from the frightened way in which she fled down the steps that night, she was even more disturbed than she would have been by the sight of the dead butler. That would, of course, have shocked and terrified her. But she was more disturbed than that. She had the appearance of a woman frightened by something that touched herself more nearly than the death, however terrible, of her neighbor's butler."

"That is a great deal to read from the expression of a fast fleeing figure."

"I know, and perhaps I do not make it very clear. But I saw her terror-stricken face and her furtive glances which were turned ahead, not behind her."

"All of which would be true if she had seen somebody she knew kill that man and then make his escape."

"Yes, just that, Mr. Thorne. How you do understand! Well, is that theory tenable?"

"More than tenable. It seems to me the inevitable truth. Now I shall interview Mrs. Maxwell immediately and find out the exact facts."

THORNE went straight to the Maxwell home.

To his surprise, Mrs. Maxwell seemed glad to see him, and glad when he opened the subject of his errand.

There are some natures to whom the keeping of a great secret is a continual wearing sorrow. And Mrs. Maxwell was that sort. She had thought and pondered over what she knew until it had almost driven her out of her senses.

At night she would lie awake and determine to go the first thing in the morning to the police with her story. Then, when morning came, she could not bring herself to carry out her resolve.

So she really welcomed the advent of the detective and his inquiries.

He opened the subject with hesitation, but she took up the matter herself. "Yes, that's what I want to talk to you about, Mr. Thorne. I'm very glad you came. I simply must tell the whole story to somebody."

"Please do, Mrs. Maxwell. I'm sure it will be a relief to you, as well as a just and right action."

"Yes, it will be a relief, and yet I hesitate to inculpate a man of hitherto unblemished character and reputation."

"You mean without blemish so far as you know. But others may know more to his discredit than has come within your own personal knowledge."

"You know who he is, then?" Mrs. Maxwell looked incredulous.

"Certainly. You mean Crosby, the well known lawyer."

"Yes, I do. Mr. Thorne, I saw him kill Lennox, the Eldridges' butler!"

"And it has been on your nerves ever since that night."

"Yes, it has almost made me a wreck. Oh, why did he do it?"

"I can answer that question better after you describe to me the details of the whole affair."

THORNE watched Mrs. Maxwell closely, for he wanted to find out many things besides the chief subject of their talk. He hoped he could influence her to consent to her son's engagement to Lorraine, and that she could, if she would, tell him something of the girl's parentage.

"As I have already told you, I went over to the Eldridge house that night"—her piercing eyes were fixed on Thorne's unexpressive face—"to look for some papers of my own. Papers in which no one else in the world has any concern and which in no way affect the estate of Mr. Eldridge or the inheritance of his daughter. What these papers were I do not propose to tell.

"So I went over to the Eldridge house when I had reason to think Lorraine was out for a walk with my boy, and, as most of the family were doubtless in bed, I thought the coast was clear. I believed the letters were in Mr. Eldridge's bedroom, and I hoped I could merely open his desk, snatch the packet and hurry away, unseen."

"But it means that you did not accomplish your purpose."

"No. As I came down the stairs I saw a low light in the library. Stepping softly along the hall, I peeped in and saw Mr. Crosby, sitting at Mr. Eldridge's desk, deeply absorbed in going over some boxes of papers. They were black tin boxes, such as valuable papers are kept in, and I tarried to watch him, only in hopes of seeing him extract the bundle I was in search of. Any other papers or valuables of Mr. Eldridge's held no interest for me.

"I hid behind the portières of the library doorway, and as I looked Lennox came along. He had heard a sound in the library, and was merely doing his duty in investigating. But Mr. Crosby started in fright, and as Lennox came nearer and spoke to him Mr. Crosby quickly gathered up a lot of papers and thrust them into his pocket. This, I think, made Lennox fear something was wrong, and he asked Mr. Crosby by what right he came there stealthily in the middle of the night, and why he was gathering up papers belonging to Mr. Eldridge.

"That so incensed Mr. Crosby, or so frightened him, that he spoke angrily to Lennox—swore at him terribly. Now, Lennox was a wise man and a brave one, and he demanded that Crosby return those papers to their boxes and come, next day, to see about them in the presence of the family, especially Miss Lorraine.

"This Crosby refused to do, and then Lennox tried to persuade him forcibly. He grasped Crosby's hand and took some papers from him, and Crosby was so furious at this that I think he just lost his head. Grabbing up a paper cutter, with one swift lunge he stabbed Lennox to the heart and the man went down like a log."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't scream—I was too petrified to make a sound. I couldn't believe he had really killed him, and at first I think Crosby didn't believe it either. But after a moment he did realize it. He felt of the man's heart and his pulse, and then he recovered his poise at once. He was cool and collected. He picked up the papers he wanted and, looking carefully about to make sure no one was stirring, he softly went away.

"He passed within a foot of me, and I scarcely breathed until he was gone. Then I thought I must get away myself. Without another glance at that awful sight in the library, I slipped out the back door just as Grant and Lorraine were coming up the steps. I flashed past them so quickly I don't think they recognized me, but it doesn't matter now. That, Mr. Thorne, is the true story of the mysterious murder of Lennox and how it came about."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maxwell, for your clear and straightforward recital. I shall report it to the police at once. If they desire to ask any additional questions, perhaps it can be done through me, and you need not be annoyed any further.

"Now, a few other inquiries and I will go. Why are you so unwilling to let Grant and Lorraine marry? They are very much in love."

IT seemed to Thorne that his best plan with this woman was to be direct and plain spoken. She answered his question with equal directness.

"Because I don't wish my son to marry a nameless girl. How do I know where Austin Eldridge got her? How do I know who her parents were? If I knew her parentage, even though it might be plebeian, if I knew it was honest and legitimate, I might be persuaded, but not when I know nothing."

"You have no idea, no hint or suspicion of the truth?"

"None. But I am sure the papers are somewhere in Austin Eldridge's boxes or safes. And I trust they may be found."

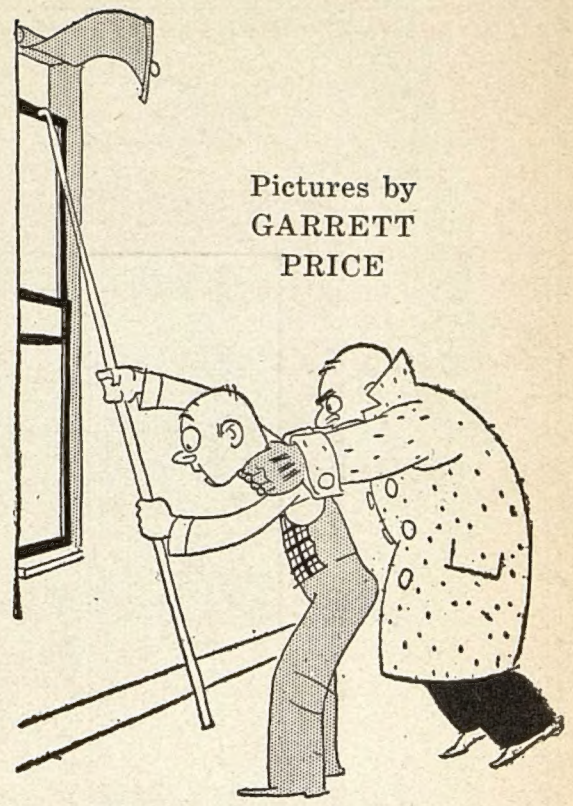
"I hope they may," said Thorne heartily, and took his leave.

He went straight to the police station with his news. There they were deeply interested.

Accompanied by the excited Stiles, he set out at once for Crosby's home, eager to face him with the accusation of having killed Lennox. But the two men realized that, in the lawyer, they had a formidable opponent—one who would balk at nothing in order to gain whatever purpose lay behind his actions.

A private dining room in a brilliantly lighted road house, far from the Eldridge home. Lorraine and Crosby, seated at a table together—she completely in his power, hoping, praying for a rescue, yet feigning gayety—he laughing softly, now and again, a satisfied chuckle of achieved deviltry. How Lorraine fell into the clutches of the sinister lawyer will be told, as only Carolyn Wells could tell it, in the ninth installment of this fascinating mystery story, in next week's issue.

What Is the Correct Temperature of a Room *for* Working?

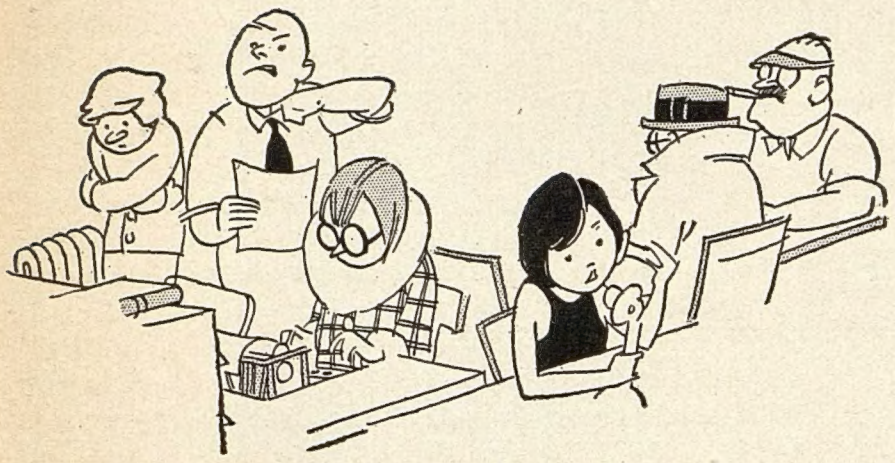


Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

An Article on the Proper Method of Regulating the Heat and Ventilation of an Office

HOW TO KEEP WELL

By DR. W. A. EVANS
The Noted Health Authority



All letters addressed to Dr. W. A. Evans in care of this magazine, accompanied by stamped envelopes addressed to the writers, will be promptly answered.

Answers to questions relating to diagnoses and treatment will not be—in fact, cannot be—satisfying.

It is hoped that this department may be of service. You are invited to make use of it.

G. K. CHESTERTON, in writing his observations on the American business man, says: "He has to make a very extreme distinction between outdoor and indoor clothing. He has to live in an icehouse outside and a hothouse inside."

In America offices are kept at a temperature of seventy degrees in the seasons when artificial heat is in use. In Great Britain offices are kept at sixty-five degrees. To them, our offices seem hot. To us, their offices seem cold.

From the standpoint of health their standard has some advantages over ours. The human animal can maintain a skin temperature of about ninety-eight degrees in an atmosphere of either sixty-five or seventy degrees without change in the weight or texture of the clothing, provided he has a few years in which to train himself.

The advantage of the lower temperature is that it trains the body to be a better heat maker. The races which average tall and broad are those which live in colder climates, stay out of doors a great deal, and are, therefore, presumably good heat makers.

Whether or not it is a good standard, seventy degrees is the American standard, and, as such, must be met by American offices.

In maintaining comfort, it is necessary to pay attention to both temperature and humidity. When we use the word "temperature," we mean the temperature of the air as it is measured by an ordinary thermometer. Humidity is measured by an instrument called a hygrometer, a simple form of which is a combination of two thermometers, one with a dry bulb and one with a wet one. Hygrometers generally display a table which shows what combination of readings gives a humidity of a given percentage. If we could once educate our people to think in terms of wet bulb thermometer readings, instead of temperatures as ordinarily given, the problem would be simplified.

For example a wet bulb temperature of fifty-seven degrees corresponds to a dry bulb reading of sixty-five degrees when the humidity is sixty degrees. It would be simple to think in terms of wet bulb temperatures once we acquired the habit.

The real test of comfort in air is the rate with which it cools the surface of the body. Leonard Hill has devised an instrument called a "Katathermometer" which measures the cooling rate. As a measure of comfort of air, it is superior to the wet bulb thermometer, just as the wet bulb is superior to the dry. It has not come into general use because it is new, and it is not as simple to read as is an ordinary thermometer.

Until we get people into the habit of controlling the comfort of offices by the ordinary thermometer, we will not have much success in making popular the next step in progress—comfort control through the use of hygrometers; and still less with the step beyond—control by the use of Katathermometers.

These statements as to temperatures and humidities apply only to offices occupied by people sitting quietly, engaged in such occupations as bookkeeping, typewriting, stenography, reading, writing, administration, and ordinary clerking. If the occupation of the people exposed causes great muscular exertion, these statements made as to best "temperatures" do not apply.

Besides temperatures and humidities, there are other factors which enter into the question of comfort. One is uniformity. If the temperature of a room remains steadily at seventy degrees without rising or falling, the people will tend to fall asleep, or, if they do not nod, they will at least add two and two together and make five every now and then. To keep people at their best, the temperature of the place where they work must fluctuate over a range of, say, five degrees.

Some air movement is another essential. If the air moves so evenly from the inlet and toward the outlet that no air movement is felt, two and two added together will come out five every now and then. The man who takes up the cudgels for drafts starts a row at once. There are some people who will always refuse to see it his way. Nevertheless, when four hour stretches, say from eight to twelve, or from one to five, are considered, still air does not make for continued comfort.

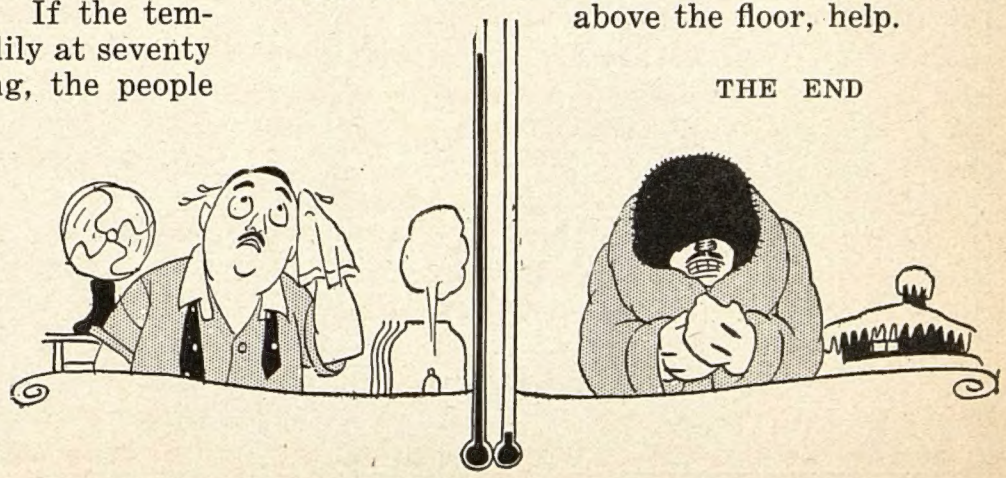
While all the authorities are agreed that there should be some drafts, they do not advocate strong drafts. The prevailing best opinion is not so much in favor of drafts as it is in opposition to the practice of still air and even temperatured air.

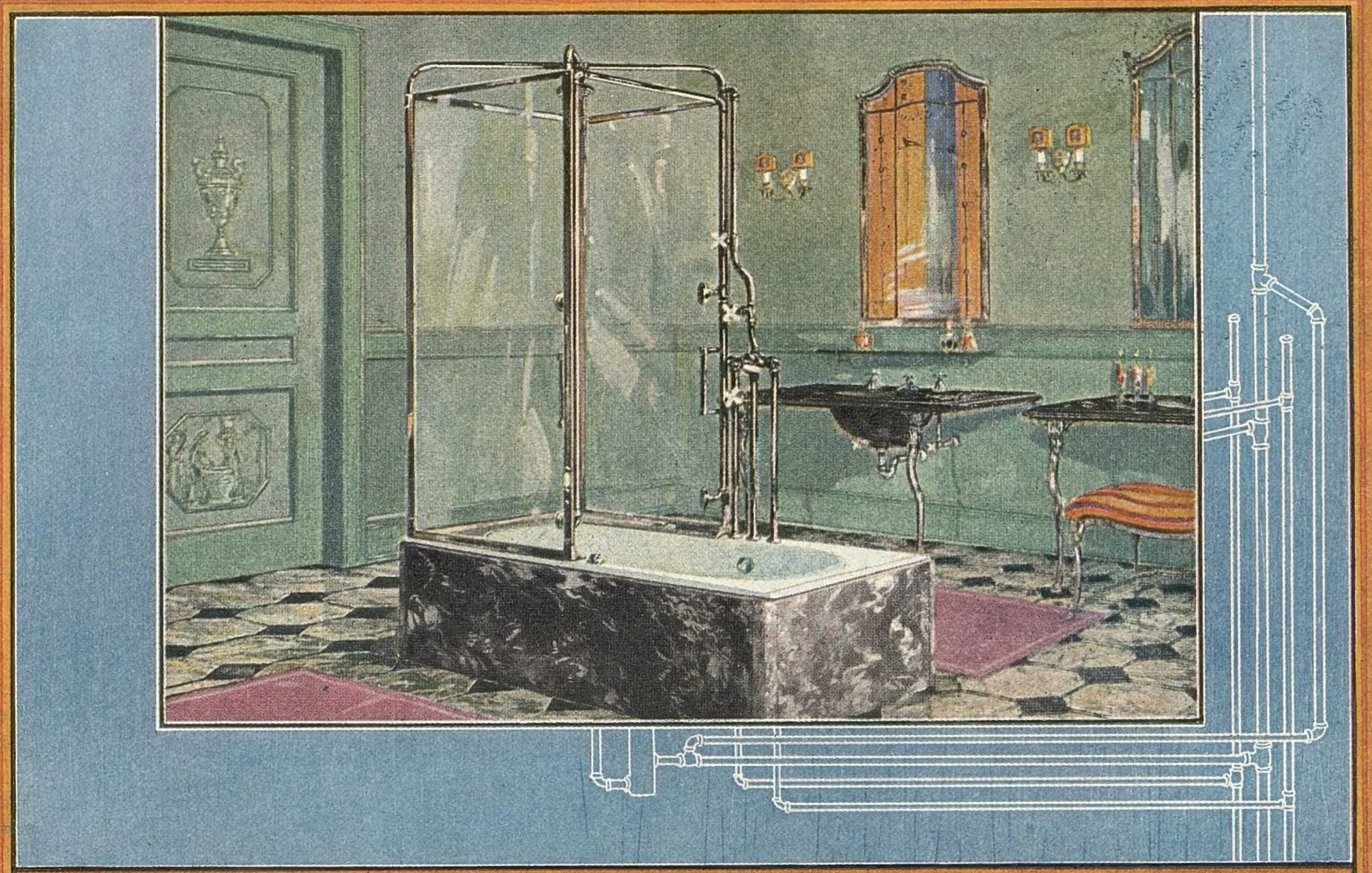
HOW can a large room, occupied by many people, be made comfortable? The heat making should be done outside the room. Not even auxiliary heaters should be placed in the room. This applies to grates and open fires as well as to stoves and gas heaters. The air for ventilation should be brought into the room after being preheated. The heating apparatus and the ventilating apparatus, whether they be joined or separate, should be so placed as that they will keep the outside wall zones, the window zones, and the floor zones warm.

If the ventilating is done by windows, ingenuity must be exercised to deliver the air in the room somewhat preheated, if the term can be used in this connection. This is accomplished if the air can be passed through radiators immediately after entering the room. The small window electric fans are of service in deflecting open window air and sending it through the heaters. Where no other method is available, screens and deflectors can be used to divert the very cold air from those people who must work near windows.

If the cold floor situation cannot be otherwise met, rugs, carpets, footstools, and walkways, or standing platforms, placed a foot above the floor, help.

THE END





CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

An enclosed daylight shower bath, ventilated, free from clinging curtains, yet entirely splash-proof, has long been the ideal of discriminating home makers. Costly built-in construction seldom gives perfect comfort.

The Crane *Crystal* shower satisfies the most exacting standards of beauty, luxury and convenience. Plate glass encloses three sides. Four horizontal sprays supplement the overhead needle spray. In combination with the *Tarnia* bath, no more space is required than for an ordinary tub. They can be installed in the most interesting of all settings, in the open, away from walls and corners. Inexpensive plaster, concrete or tiles may replace the black marble here encasing the *Tarnia.*

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